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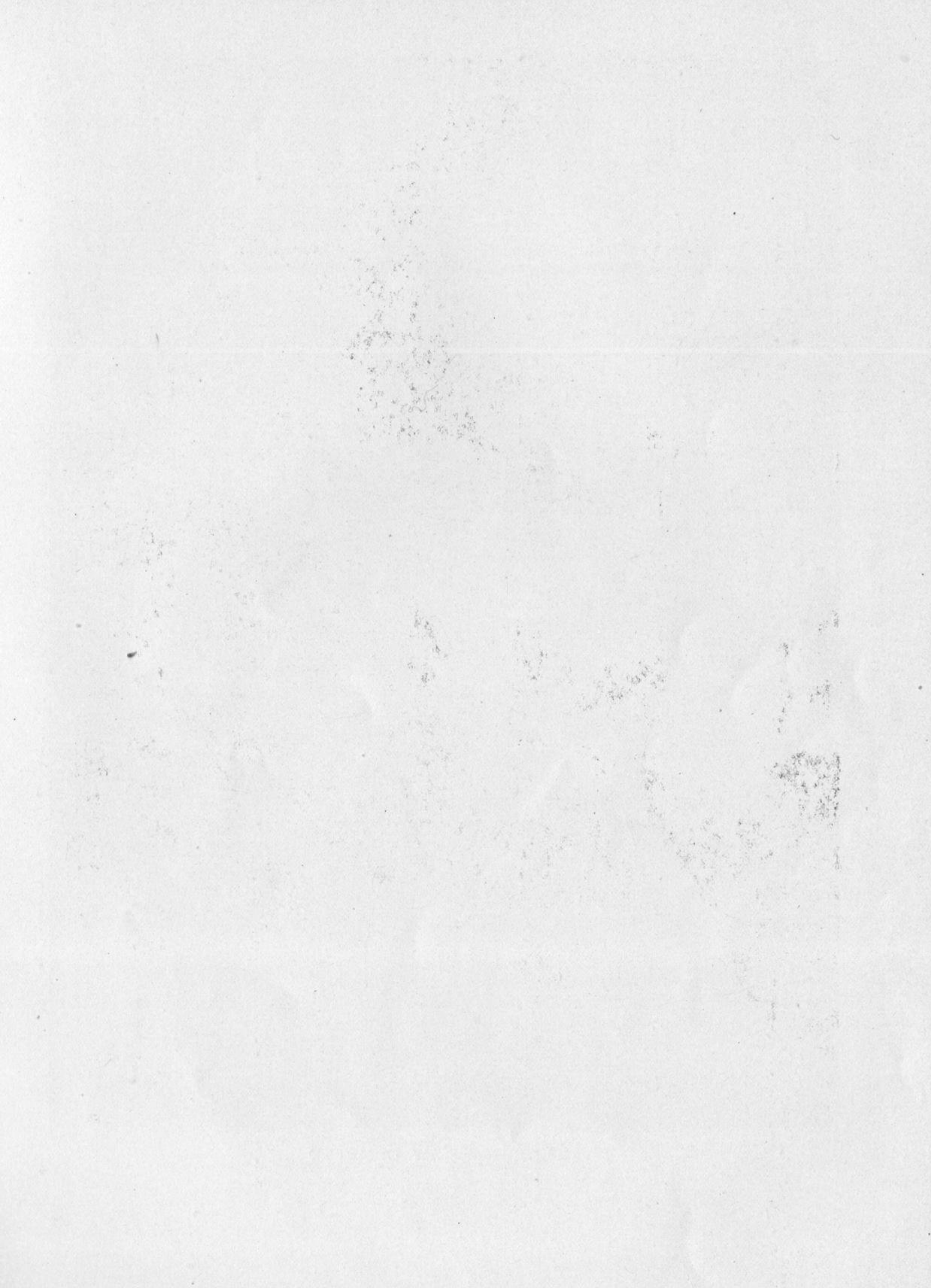

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED

THE CRAFTSMAN

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Contents for November 1903

The Art of Frederick Law Olmsted — Illustrated — ARTHUR SPENCER

The Silversmith's Art in the Middle Ages — The Twelfth Century — Illustrated — JEAN SCHOPFER
Translated from the French by IRENE SARGENT

Primitive Inventions — Illustrated — GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Was Jesus a Carpenter? — ERNEST CROSBY

Japanese Book Illustrations — Illustrated — LEON MEAD

Browning's Message to Artists and Craftsmen of To-day — GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

A Note of Color — Illustrated — HARVEY ELLIS

A Belgian Decorative Artist: Madame de Rudder — Illustrated
With a Preface and Translated from the French by IRENE SARGENT

From Merton Abbey to Old Deerfield — Illustrated — JANE PRATT

Hardwood Floors — Illustrated

What May be Done with an Ordinary Room — Illustrated

Craftsman Canvas Portières — Illustrated

Chips from The Craftsman Workshop

Book Reviews

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THE CRAFTSMAN

Vol. V NOVEMBER 1903 No. 2

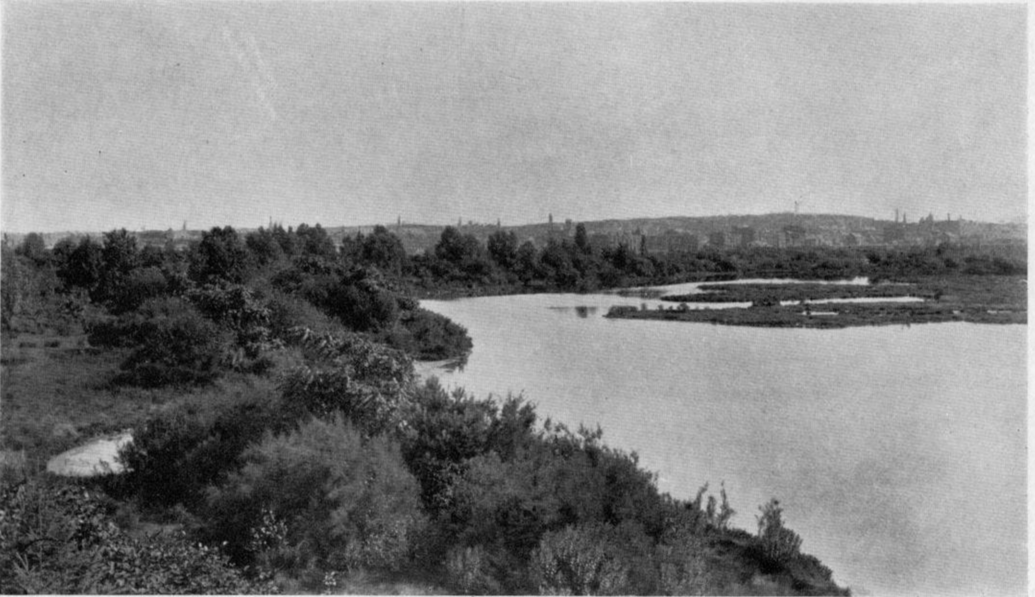
THE ART OF FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED

BY ARTHUR SPENCER

POPE, who loved formal luxury in nature as well as in verse, took great pleasure in laying out the famous garden at Twickenham. A friend expressed regret that having completed everything he would find nothing more to engage his attention. "I have nothing left me to do," said Pope, "but to add a little ornament or two at the line of the Thames." On each side of the landing place he intended to put a swan, in the attitude of flying into the river, and behind them, on the bank, the statues of two river gods; then there were to be two corner seats or temples, with urns bearing Latin inscriptions, in the niches of the grove busts of Homer and Vergil, and higher up those of Marcus Aurelius and Cicero.

Similar preciosity marked the treatment adopted by Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and even, in a slightly less degree, that carried out by Shenstone on his rural seat of three hundred acres at Leasowes. Such examples of the artificial-natural belong to the first stage in the evolution of informal landscape gardening in England. Gradually, in the course of the eighteenth century, the art lost its pseudo-classical barbarity, and grew more dignified and sincere. Sir Humphrey Repton and J. C. Loudon in the early nineteenth century substituted art for artificiality, and Downing, the greatest American landscape architect of his time, successfully applied the principles which they had developed. But the art of Repton, Loudon, and Downing, though it glorified nature, was consciously technical and perseveringly sophisticated. It was an art which concentrated itself largely upon details, and lacked the humane breadth requisite to adapt it to the wants of a democratic community. To point the way to the higher possibilities of an art whose goal should be nature, and whose means of attaining that goal should be adaptable to every conceivable condition of humanity, there was needed a new master, greater than his predecessors, who should deal with the art of landscape in the manner of the statesman and the lover of his kind.

Bred in the bustling commercial environ-



THE BACK BAY FENS
"A salt creek bordered by salt meadows and low, wooded, gravelly ridges."—Olmsted.

ment of the nineteenth century, Frederick Law Olmsted was an unsophisticated child of his age, permeated by its utilitarian and practical spirit. At a time when society was less tainted with sordidness and luxury than now, his character matured without losing any of its native simplicity and purity, and as it developed, resisted the enervating influences of fashionable and sophisticated artificiality. Without fear of innovation, he created a new art and gave it a new name—a name that could not suggest dilettantism, a name that substituted serious design for mincing exquisiteness. A dignified architectural conception of the art of unfolding to men the beauties of nature took the place of the less straightforward, gardenesque ideal which to some extent had influenced even the best of his predecessors. With striking ingenuity and abundant common-sense inherited from a thrifty and practical ancestry, he laid before his countrymen the merits of the new art. His forceful arguments won an attentive audience. Everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific the aid of his fine discrimination was sought, and the greater portion of his life was spent in designing the public parks with which his name will forever be associated in the minds of the people.

In the dedication of the fifth volume of Professor Sargent's "Silva of North America," Olmsted was described as the "great artist whose love for nature has been a priceless benefit to his fellow countrymen." From early youth he had been possessed of a passion for natural scenery. It had led him to spend many days in the open, to make distant pilgrimages to nature's most beautiful spots, and to read with avidity all the works that he could obtain on the sub-

ject of landscape. Before he was fifteen he had read the chief books on landscape gardening that had been written. Yet it was the beauty of Thomson's "great simple country," rather than the tutored elegance of the garden, or the rugged picturesqueness of the wilderness that he chiefly loved. The reposeful, pastoral scenery of his native state of Connecticut, rich in the beauties of meadow, orchard, stream, and lane, he loved not less than the charms of the great mountain and mighty rivers. "No gravel paths," he wrote, "are half so charming as the turfed wood roads of New England farms, no shrubbery so pleasing as that which nature rears along farmers' walls, no pools so lovely as those which, fringed with natural growth, fill and drain away according to the season and the supply of rain."

That a man with this delicate artistic feeling for landscape should have been able to impress the stamp of his individuality on the entire public park policy of the United States seems wonderful, till one comprehends that the secret of it was the sentiment of human brotherhood which prevented him from professing any taste which the uncultivated might not share. Instead of permitting a gulf to separate him from his clients, he adopted their own point of view. Nature, he confessed, had never appealed to him in quite the same way as to the botanist or the naturalist, nor did he claim intimate companionship with nature in the same sense as Thoreau, Bryant, or Burroughs. In this unsophisticated way, professing no closer acquaintance with birds and trees, no more cultured connoisseurship of landscape, than the generality of men living in cities, he invited the untutored common people, greatly his inferiors in aesthetic perceptions, to foster a delight in nature which might be utterly free from affectation or hypocrisy. This fact accounts for the marvellous impetus and inspiration which the American park movement received at his hands. Cities entered cordially into coöperation with him, and there were few recommendations that he made which they did not adopt. This result was brought about through his own modesty and sound judgment. A trained man of affairs, disciplined, as he had been, by such great undertakings as the supervision of the construction of Central Park and the organization of the work of the Sanitary Commission, he was able, through his knowledge of his fellows and his faculty for sane and convincing argument, to achieve what no avowed champion of a novel cult, hiding from plebeian ridicule behind a screen of professional sanctity, could ever have accomplished.

As for the art of Frederick Law Olmsted, one of its methods may be said to have consisted in substituting the simplicity of utility for the ornateness of artifice. Cleveland, an American landscape architect, whose ideals had much in common with those of Mr. Olmsted, wrote of Mr. "Capability" Brown, the English gardener, as falling into one fault in his zeal to avoid another. For geometrical angles Brown attempted to substitute graceful curves, so that it was remarked of his serpentine paths and canals that "you might walk from one end to the other, stepping first upon zig, and then upon zag, for the entire length." Similar scenic effects, at least with respect to ingenuity, must have characterized the extraordinary fortifications in Uncle

A WOODSIDE, FRANKLIN PARK
"Mainly, the value of a park depends on the disposition and quality of its woods, and the relation of its woods to other natural features."—Olmsted

Toby's garden. Invariably will they be encountered when the fundamental importance of utility is forgotten.

All of Mr. Olmsted's work was designed first of all with a view to utility. With that principle as his starting point, his aim was to reproduce the beauty of nature. The materials of his art were primarily, with only casual exceptions of minor significance, physical rather than formal, and his art itself was an adaptation and arrangement, rather than a counterfeit or modification of those elements. If the norm of his workmanship did not exist in nature, approximations to it were to be found everywhere; not simply in the forests of Maine or on the rock-girded shore of Cape Anne, where nature retained much of her primitive aspect, but on the charming hillsides of Lenox, and the broad farming lands of Connecticut, where man had left the marks of his husbandry. Open meadow, even though at a remote period it may have been produced by clearing away the primeval forest, supplied him with material not less legitimate than the umbrageous dells and ledge-capped highlands of the Adirondack wilderness. He did not adopt a scientific formula, and aim simply to reproduce the normal processes of nature. So he did not scruple to substitute a gentle slope for the harsh contour of a moraine, or to remove stones from a gravelly field and resurface it with loam. The artificiality of the town was mainly what he wished to avoid.

Remarkable as were the effects which were secured in the treatment of forest, seaside, and stream, probably the most delightful work of Olmsted—at all events that

which daily furnishes the greatest enjoyment to large throngs of pleasure seekers—is to be found in such ample park meadows as he designed for Central Park in New York, and Prospect Park in Brooklyn. The same treatment, which is essentially a transcript of the broad fields of the New England farm, is to be enjoyed in the beautiful Ellicot Dale of Franklin Park, in the city of Boston.

These beautiful park meadows, however, with their charming vistas and broad expanses of turf, could not have been produced from the crude features of the landscape in its original condition, had not Olmsted been true to Loudon's doctrine that "the recognition of art is a first principle in landscape gardening." Refraining not less from a mechanical imitation of nature than from the use of superadded ornament, he endeavored to give his work the stamp of a common idea. If a landscape gave the lie in one place to what was said in another, the delightful impression would be destroyed. So he was always careful to avoid the presence of incongruous elements. At Easton's Pond in Newport, he remarked to Charles Eliot,—who was destined afterward to follow this advice at Revere Beach near Boston,—that any large structure, like a bathhouse, would look wholly incongruous on the gravelly beach close to the open sea. Likewise he insisted on the necessity, in public parks, of screening plantations to shut out from view the objects of the town, and whatever might be unfavorable, in his own phrase, "to a continuous impression of consistent sylvan scenery."

Of the art of Olmsted,—of which public parks afford, if not the most excellent, certainly the most notable examples,—the park system of Boston embodies perhaps the most satisfying expression. In its innumerable contrasts of form and arrangement, in its variety of scenery, in its manifold opportunities, on the one hand for an exquisite treatment of limited areas, on the other for broad effects of composition in large tracts of woodland and field, it is quite unlike the public grounds of any other city. Such a combination of seashore, streamside, meadow, and forest scenery is doubtless to be found nowhere in quite the form in which Mr. Olmsted arranged it in Boston. Later his disciple, the lamented Charles Eliot, continued the work which his own failing health compelled him to relinquish. Olmsted's treatment of the Marine Park at City Point furnished Eliot with a suggestion for the Revere Beach and Nantasket reservations. Often the elder architect, as in the case of the improvement of the shores of Charles River, began work which was to be carried forward by the younger to a termination which could come only after many years. It was the park system of Boston, however, which furnished the pattern for that metropolitan system which has, more than once, been declared the model park system of America.

The Back Bay Fens, the Riverway, and Olmsted Park, are chiefly remarkable for the beautiful effects which were secured, notwithstanding a radical transformation of many acres of the region. Difficult engineering problems confronted the architect, and were solved by the same skill in dealing with artificial drainage which was shown at Belle Isle Park in Detroit, and at the grounds of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. In the Fens, every square yard

OVER THE MEADOW, FRANKLIN PARK
"A breadth of view—which in spite of necessarily broad roads and gravel walks is very refreshing, interesting, and beautiful in a high degree."—Olmsted

condition suggestive of natural wildness."

Here, as elsewhere in the parks of Boston, we see the true American landscape. No American before Olmsted, not even the eclectic and elegant Downing, had clearly perceived the necessity of heeding the demand of his native land for worthy artistic treatment. Olmsted loved the broad meadow, richly carpeted with turf, and the great tree standing in stately solitude in the midst of the gently undulating, wood-bordered field. He realized that in those parts of the country which have long undergone cultivation, and are in certain features similar to sections of the Old World, the broad, open treatment, with views of striking isolated objects like trees or boulders, might be appropriate. Nevertheless, in designing parks and laying out private estates he was extremely loath to introduce any elements of landscape which would seem foreign to their region. While he was familiar with the technical principles of English landscape art, he was never, in any sense, a mere imitator of the English style.

If he had a theory of landscape, it was a simple one, as free from artifice as the art that he practised. "Mainly," he said, "the value of a park depends on the disposition and quality of its woods, and the

of the surface was entirely changed. The ultimate appearance of the park, as it looks to-day, was thus forecast by its creator: "It is designed to appear a fortunate preservation of a typical bit of New England seashore landscape, including, as it will, a salt creek bordered by salt meadows and low, wooded, gravelly ridges. There will be in it no shaven lawns or pastured meadows, the planted ground above the salt marsh being occupied by trees, underwood, and low, creeping, flowering plants in a

relation of its woods to other natural features," thus showing his belief in the fundamental importance of trees as a principal source of beauty. The character of his work renders apparent his preference for the dull, cool colors of the forest, rather than the warm, striking hues of the variegated flower garden. Potted plants, formal flower beds, and closely trimmed grass he thought suggested the town, or at least the suburb. In Franklin Park is to be seen precisely that sort of scenery that he loved—broad, slightly hollowed expanses of open country, set off by a background of dull, cool-colored woodsides, the top of the forest presenting a gracefully undulating sky line. Here is to be found, in his own words, "a leafy screen which hides the town, a breadth of view, an openness, a peculiar kind of scenery, which in spite of necessarily broad roads and gravel walks, is very refreshing, interesting, and beautiful in a high degree." Broad vistas and glades have been opened up by the removal of knolls and other obstructions, and trees and shrubs have been planted where the effect of shadow would enhance the charm of the sunny meadow. In the woods a thicket of low, sturdy bushes adds to the picturesqueness and harmoniousness of the perenially interesting scenery. Here, perhaps, we find the type of his ideal. Simplicity of treatment was for him the key to the problem of the reconciliation of beauty and utility. Roads, walks, and all formal and architectural elements he admitted into the park design only to the extent to which they were necessary to enable people to enjoy the best views, and to obtain rest and nourishment; they were the impediments of out-of-door art rather than its essentials.

In the national reservations of the Yellowstone, Niagara, and Yosemite, where nature had done all that was to be done, Mr. Olmsted's work consisted in little more than in suggesting how to make their beauty available for public enjoyment. In the designing of municipal parks, he was in a province which was distinctly his own demesne, wherein his talent could have free play. But his achievements in the frequently slighted field of domestic architecture must not be forgotten. Here he did much to foster a taste more robust and more American than that which tolerates the imported Italian garden and recrudescent pergola. He threw aside the technical rules governing "appropriation of ground," and recognized what might be called an application to landscape art of Ruskin's saying, "architecture does not begin until the utility of the structure has been provided for." If this rule was valid, the importance of defining clearly the line of division between what belonged to the home, and what did not, was greater than that of forming a beautiful prospect in which the relation of the house to its surroundings should be permitted to become confused. The treatment without the house, he believed, should conform to the treatment within, and should adapt itself first of all, to a pure and refined domestic life. He revolted from the Old World methods that Parmenter had practised, and gave the art of domestic gardening an entirely new character.

Throughout the country he left memorials of his taste and skill: in the grounds of colleges and public buildings, railway stations and private residences, in sumptuous country estates, and in the gracefully out-

lined roads of suburban settlements. But his name will always be chiefly associated with the public parks of America. His love for his fellow men, his ardent interest in the welfare of society, his courage in facing the ridicule that the Central Park undertaking at first encountered, as well as the patience and foresight with which he was content to do work which only the hand of time could bring to completeness and retouch in mellow colors—all these things made him the chief support, as well as the principal inspiration, of the park movement. Art with him could exist only for man's sake, and must be dedicated to the object of producing not merely new pleasures, but new powers and new perceptions. He saw the dangers of the bustling, artificial life of commerce, and the need of a strong force to counteract a perverted exercise of the instinct of self-preservation. Yet to check the spread of a sordid materialism nothing could be so effective, he knew, as the development of new habits, new tastes, and new capacities for action and for enjoyment. Simple and noble pleasures, substituted for wasteful and degrading luxuries, could better man's condition, and such pleasures were to be found in the very forms of activity and recreation which contributed most to his physical and moral well-being. This was the ideal which Olmsted sought, with laborious earnestness, to inculcate throughout his professional career. With a manly continuity of purpose, he never forgot its importance. The faculties of an acute and vigorous mind and a virile and humane character wore themselves out in the splendid task of popularizing this ideal among the American people. He possessed, in a way, much the same sort of conviction regarding the vital needs of man's higher nature, as held men like Morris and Ruskin in sway. While he little resembled them in temperament, he was one with them in thinking of life as far greater than art. He sought to impress upon his age, with the judicious calculation of the man of affairs, rather than the impetuous zeal of the reformer, the highest ethical teaching of those who choose to worship art at the shrine of nature, and wish to bring about the awakening of men's souls to the beauty of the world about them.

Bacon wrote in his curious essay on gardening: "When ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely—as if gardening were the greater perfection." To the mind of Olmsted, landscape art was worthy of a nobler use than that of the fussy and elaborate ornamentation to which Bacon was accustomed. It deserved to rank with poetry, music, sculpture, and painting, not with perfumery and costumes. So he re-created anew the art of landscape gardening, giving it a form preëminently adapted to his own land and epoch. Working with nature's own materials, he sketched the outlines of an infinite variety of compositions of heroic size, leaving her to fill in the colors. Every summer she retouches them, ever and anon adding strokes which bring them closer, year by year, to the result that he intended; and with the coming and going of every season, the illusion of the absence of human design steadily grows more complete. It is even as he would have wished—to obliterate himself utterly, that the art which he loved might be glorified.

THE SILVERSMITH'S ART

IN THE MIDDLE AGES—THE TWELFTH CENTURY

JEAN SCHOPFER

Translated from the French by Irene Sargent

THE great movement which is observed to-day in the industrial arts, and which, under the name of *L'Art Nouveau*, has excited so many arguments, interests all serious minds; because, by whatever name one designates it, it is a real revival of the decorative styles which our predecessors had allowed to reach the final degree of decadence. We know well that we are not creating a new art; we know that time is a necessary coadjutor; but we are certain that we are right in not contenting ourselves with what exists, and in striving to do better: that thus, in the great work of civilization, we shall not be an obstacle to progress, but rather that we shall lighten the task of those who shall succeed us.

The duty of the critic, the function of the art reviews, is to exercise a judicious censorship over the productions of artists, and thus to contribute toward forming the public taste. But criticism is valid only when it is based upon principles firm, evident, and of value recognized by all. But where shall we find rules and principles? We shall not form them *a priori*, through a process of pure reasoning. We can discover them only by examining the beautiful works of the past. The attentive, intelligent examination of old master-pieces will permit us to establish for every art, for every substance or material, the rules which, more or less consciously, workers in the industrial arts have followed in creating their works: rules which are to-day, as they were yesterday and will be to-morrow, good and stable, since they proceed from qualities peculiar to the method employed, which remains invariable throughout time; gold being gold, to-day, as it was twenty centuries ago.

It is, therefore, in the past that we must seek rules for the art of the future.

"The study of the past"—one might object—"Again and always! It appears to have been done so thoroughly that there is no return to be made to it. We have been nourished upon the past, until it no longer contains sustenance. The past, it would seem, is precisely what we should avoid!"

Now, in truth, there is nothing less known than the past. During the nineteenth century, for example, the industrial arts reproduced only a few unvarying models, each of which, enjoyed, one knows not why, the singular privilege of representing an epoch. One had thus a Gothic coffer, two or three *buffets* in the Renascence style, a Louis XIV. writing-desk and chairs, Louis XV. silver,—and we were greatly surprised on entering a museum to witness the large liberty reigning in these styles, of which the modern imitators reproduced only

a few of the more striking characteristics. The decorative artists had no precise knowledge of the riches of the past. They had before them only a few pieces which fashion required them to reproduce.

But there was a still graver aspect of the existing conditions. Artists knew the past only to copy it. Instead of *studying* the old models, they exerted all their efforts to reproduce them with understanding and accuracy. They fashined works of copyists, and not of creators. In that fact lay their principal error. A decorative art which enters the path of reproduction is a dead art. They copied so extensively that, when the innovators appeared, these latter were thoroughly alienated from the past which existed only in dead remains, and of which the same examples were offered in endless series. Affected by such conditions, many of those who cast themselves on the side of the new art, said: "Let us fix our gaze upon the present! Let us no longer have consideration for the past, which has been for us a frightful burden! Let our work be independent and original!"

Antique vase of rock crystal, mounted in silver during the twelfth century: from the Treasury of the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris; now in the galleries of the Louvre

But a style can not be improvised. There are rules which govern the production of a vase, a dresser, an arm-chair, just as there are rules for building a house. Imagination alone and unaided is impotent, dangerous, lawless. Let us praise the artists who say: "Let us fix our gaze upon the present," but let us complete their unfinished formula. We shall say: "Let us fix our gaze upon the present, with eyes that have studied the past." If we wish our modern work to be strong and lasting, it must not be in opposition to the changeless rules of art. It is to seek these rules that we study the past.

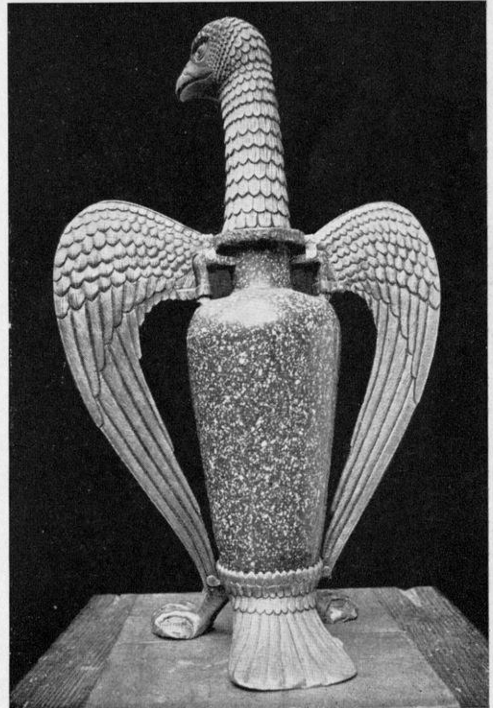
In reviewing fine models of historic styles, we should not regard them as objects to be copied. Our aim is not imitation. We say: "Here are admirable productions; but if you wish in turn to create a really beautiful work, deserving to be preserved and made known, understand that you will not gain your end by copying, but by

receiving inspiration from the lessons which the past can give you." These lessons, it is our duty, as historians and critics, to specify. "The artist who made this object," we shall say, "produced a work of art, because, first of all, he possessed an exact knowledge of the material he employed. Each material has its qualities and its defects. He has avoided the latter, and thrown the former into strong relief. The decorative effects which he has attained are precisely those which can be drawn from that special material and from no other medium. Furthermore, he has shown respect for his material. He has treated it honestly, without subterfuge or deceit. Thirdly, in order to create his work, he has sought inspiration only from the functions which the object of his labors was to serve. Utility dictated to him the choice of forms, which are beautiful, because they are necessary. Again, he has understood the part to be played by ornament, which should not be applied artificially upon the object, but rather should form an integral part of it, issuing from it as the leaf and flower issue from the stem, of which they are the expansion.

"This is not all; the artist-workman has shown respect for himself. He would have abased himself in his own opinion by copying an earlier work. He recognized the dignity of his art which resides in the invention of beautiful shapes. Therefore, he disdained even to repeat himself. And in case of the smallest ornament he submitted himself to the task of creating. Consequently, in the minutest detail, there has resulted an indefinable savor of originality, of personality.

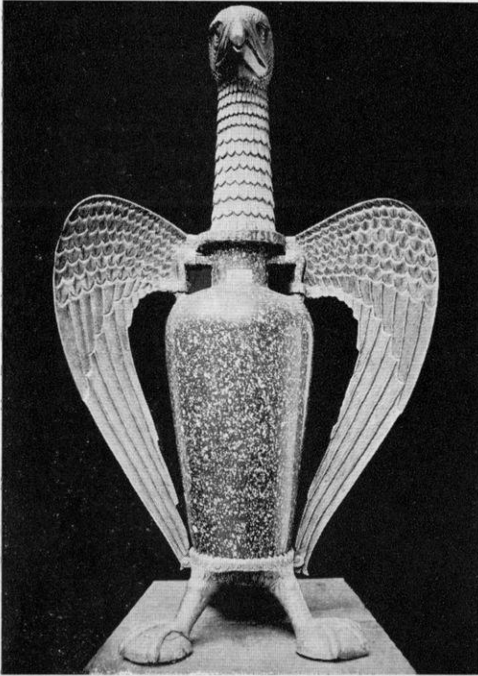
"Lastly, he has respected his trade, his craft. He has employed only the best and surest processes, although they might be the longest and the most costly. He esteemed time spent as of little consequence, provided the resulting work were beautiful."

Many more points remain to be noted, and they are those of primary importance. All these things the past can teach us. The lessons which we are to seek therein are not in the least dead or withered things. They are principles valuable for us: of present value, since they are constant and changeless. This is the way in which to question the past, the method by which we are here to study one of the most fruitful of the industrial arts: that of the silversmith, as developed in France from the Middle Ages to our own times.



Antique vase of porphyry, mounted in silver during the twelfth century: now in the galleries of the Louvre and known as the "Suger Vase"

The precious metals, gold and silver, were employed by men as soon as they could fashion and ornament objects. The desire of pleasing innate in both sexes, the pride of displaying riches, have placed jewels in the number of the oldest documents that we have preserved regarding primitive humanity. Weapons were chiseled at an early period. Everyone is acquainted with the Homeric descriptions of scenes from the lives of the gods represented on the shields of heroes. In the period of the high Greek and Roman civilization, luxury engendered superb works of the goldsmith's and silversmith's arts, of which only a few specimens are extant. For a later period of Roman civilization, the *Bosco Reale* collection offers a series of important pieces for those who study the history of work in the precious metals.



Antique vase of porphyry, mounted in silver during the twelfth century: now in the galleries of the Louvre and known as the "Suger Vase"

The barbarian invasions ensued. The antique world crumbled away. The overwhelming floods of devastating peoples passed over the world and renewed its face. It is not within the limits of our subject to study here that which these barbarians brought with them; the Goths, Visigoths, Lombards, Franks, Saxons, Burgundians and Normands, of whom we are the sons. They had a taste for art which they translated in a manner both original and beautiful. We might indeed show specimens of their work which are related to the gold- and silversmith's art, and date from Merovingian times: that is to say, which are anterior to the ninth century. For example, bindings of missals, whose silver settings, encrusted with uncut gems or colored glass, framed some Byzantine ivory carving. There are also beautiful examples of the Carolingian period. But we wish to begin with finished works, which will show us the perfection of the new civilization in modern Europe. We shall, therefore, open this study with the twelfth century.

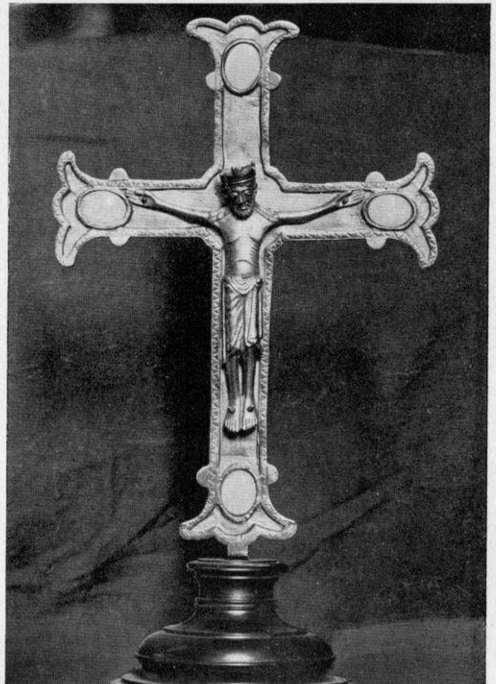
This period, it is true, epitomizes in a masterly way, the life of the previous Christian centuries. It attained the point of perfection toward which the arts unconsciously tended from the time when a new civilization arose. We may call the twelfth the great century of the Middle Ages. And with truth, since, if it shows us the height of attainment of the preceding ages, it gives also the point of departure; it opened a long path for civilization. It was the twelfth century which gave the solution of the architectural problem of vaulting, in a manner, solid, economical and beautiful, the

great edifices devoted to religion. The style called Gothic put forth its first attempts during the first half of the twelfth century, in the province of the Ile de France, of which Paris was the capital. In sculpture, there was a similar development. Monumental sculpture arose in France in the twelfth century. The thirteenth merely continued in the path already traced. As for the industrial arts, they had then reached such a degree of perfection that it can be affirmed that there has since been no progress, and too often only decadence. As for work in the precious metals, the pieces which we illustrate have never been surpassed.

There were then, as now, two principal methods of working silver: the one casting; the other beating the metal in a thin sheet over a hard form or matrix. In both cases, the silver was retouched by the chisel after being cast or beaten. Finally, the twelfth and the thirteenth century silversmiths used extensively patterns in relief, and also silver filigree, which they riveted upon the body of the piece, or, with great skill, soldered to it. Often, also, they retouched their pieces with the graving-tool, and traced decorative *motifs* on flat surfaces. Silver, has, indeed, defects as a material. It does not coat, like ivory, bronze and copper. It stains easily. When polished, it glistens with high-lights which sometimes change the appearance of the shapes. To overcome these defects there has been devised an entire series of ingenious methods: incising, hammering and engraving, which dull the surfaces.

In the Middle Ages none of these processes were neglected. The delicacy of the work is astonishing. Time was then an unimportant factor. The artisan proceeded slowly and worked through days and weeks necessary to complete, according to rule, the piece upon which he was engaged. We, on the contrary, economize time always and everywhere. For us time is the only precious thing. We are forced to create much, and consequently quickly. To produce the greatest quantity in the least time, at the cheapest rate: such is the desire of the manufacturers who have industrialized the art of our times and who, in doing this, have killed it.

In the Middle Ages, other conditions prevailed. Time had not the same value. The artisan neglected nothing to render perfect the object which he fashioned. There are many individuals who form an indefinite, sublime idea of art, and persuade themselves that it is above and independent of small



Crucifix in gilded silver: from the Treasury of the Cathedral of Sens

things of craftsmanship. This is a grave error. Art resides first of all in a faultless

The so-called "Chalice of Saint-Rémy": from the Treasury of the Cathedral of Reims

execution, in a perfect knowledge of technical processes, whether it is a question of a picture or of a jewel-box. These technical processes were transmitted from generation to generation in the workshops of the Middle Ages. The practical study of the craft constituted the entire apprenticeship of the aspirants to art. When the apprentice knew his craft thoroughly, he gained the mastership, and it resulted that the objects made with so much care and material labor were also works of art.

In our own time, art is taught in schools. But technical process has degenerated to nothing. What industrial art shall we leave after us, in spite of the lessons given in our schools by very learned artists who write Art with a capital A? Let us first learn from the Middle Ages respect for qualities of craftsmanship which are indispensable in the industrial arts, and without which the highest gifts of invention and composition are useless.

We show first in illustration two antiques mounted in the twelfth century, at the time when, under the influence of the abbot Suger, minister of Louis VII., the arts received great encouragement in France.

In the eighteenth century, under Louis XV. and Louis XVI., beautiful Chinese porcelain vases were mounted in chiseled bronze. Such are now highly prized by connoisseurs. In the twelfth century the degree of refinement was equal, if not superior. There were antique vases of porphyry or rock-crystal mounted in precious metal, or classic cameos framed in gold and precious stones. Of these certain pieces have been preserved.

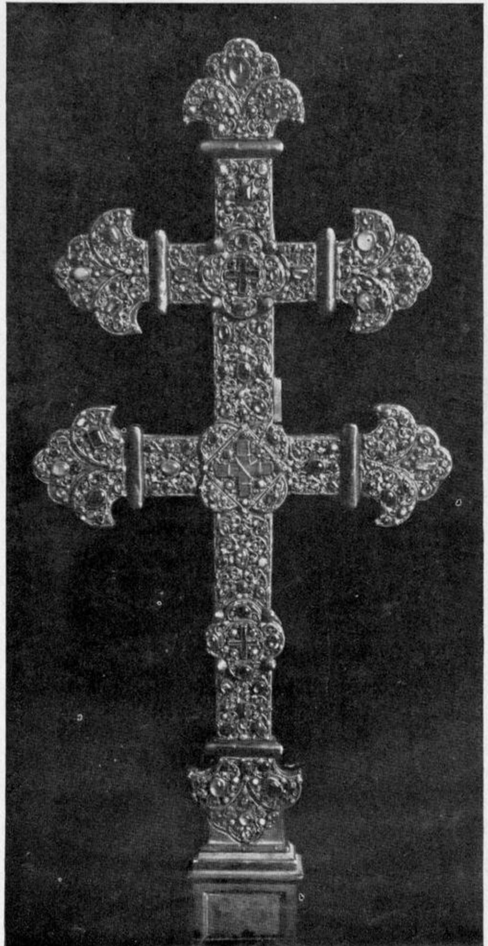
The first example which we illustrate (Plate I) comes from the old Treasury of Saint Denis, and is now in the Museum of the Louvre. It was mounted in silver, at the middle of the twelfth century. It shows the decorative taste peculiar to the times and the methods of work then employed. As in the earlier centuries, uncut gems were held in high favor: garnets, amethysts, turquoises, sapphires and opals were encrusted in the metal. This is a decorative method, characteristic of the barbarian styles and observed from the Merovingian period downward. Instituted by craftsmen of unerring taste, it produced a rich and striking effect. I see no reason why the artists of our own time should not return to it, and why they should not study from this point of view the work of the craftsmen in the

precious metals up to the twelfth century. We shall present here examples of the same style more accentuated and complete.

We find, also, upon the mounting of the vase, applied silver ornaments in relief, such as occur throughout this period. The manner in which they are either riveted or soldered to the background is very remarkable. But aside from the workmanship, every one capable of appreciating artistic things, recognizes the beauty and breadth of style of the vase, the bold character of the ornament, the accentuation of its contours. We should carefully study the models of this period to understand what style is, to appreciate the delicacy of taste which can be employed in the composition of an object of art.

The following example (Plates II and III) is again an antique vase, this time in porphyry, belonging to the first half of the twelfth century, and known as the Suger Vase. It is preserved in the Museum of the Louvre. This piece of gilded silver is one of the treasures of the Apollo Gallery, in which are assembled all the objects of art in the Louvre. It has a character wholly different from any of the other pieces which we illustrate, and it shows how perfectly the art of the twelfth century could interpret animate Nature. There are no geometric designs, no uncut gems, no volutes or spirals. An eagle is represented. The neck continues the neck of the vase, the wings are attached to the handles, the vase itself, supported by powerful claws, does not lose its original character. It is a work of striking individuality and singular force. The head rises majestically; the widely opened beak is effective; above all, the eye, set in the flat skull, is eloquent and threatening. It is a magnificent work of art, unequaled in modern times in both strength and restraint. To find its rivals we must seek among the bronzes of the great periods of Japanese art.

In the series of crosses with figures of the same period we give a piece from the Treasury of the cathedral of Sens, which is of a simple and beautiful design (Plate IV). An opal is encrusted at the extremity of each of the branches of the cross upon



Processional cross (Croix de Clairmarais) from the Church of Notre Dame at Saint Omer

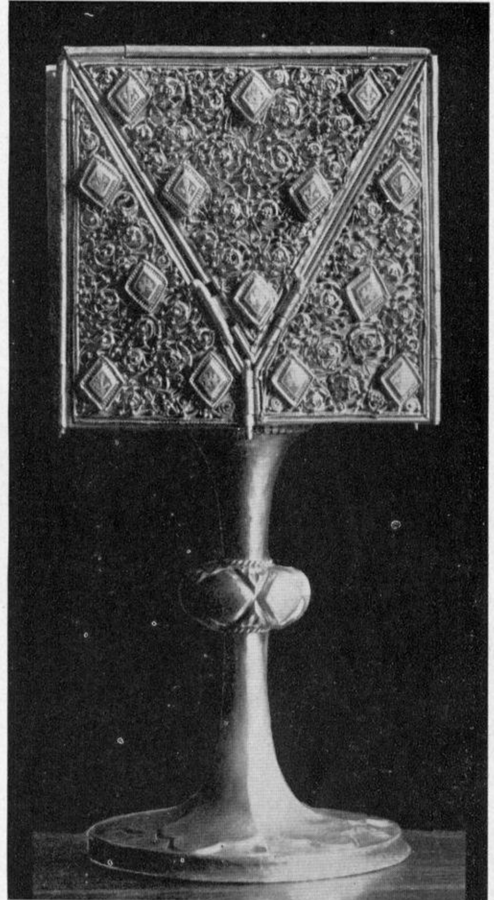
Reliquary in gilded silver: from the church of Saint Machon, at Bar-sur-Aube

which the Christ is extended, after the manner of the statues of the time. Crosses of the twelfth century are still numerous in France and Germany.

But let us first examine attentively the series of works in which the representation of the human figure does not enter. We find, indeed, fewer figures in the gold and silver work of the period which we are studying, than in the following centuries, when the human figure begins to be the most important part of the work of the craftsman in the precious metals. Generally speaking, the works of the twelfth century show a purely decorative treatment which has never been surpassed.

As an example of such treatment we may cite the chalice of Saint Rémy (Plate V), which is preserved in the cathedral of Reims. It is a characteristic work of the twelfth century, very rich in decoration, exquisitely finished, and treated in the grand style. We find here again, disposed with sure and sumptuous taste, the delicate filigree and the uncut gems which we have observed in our previous examples. This piece and the one following it are eloquent in themselves. No description is necessary.

The second piece, similar in style, is the Cross of Clairmarais (Plate VI), preserved in the Treasury of the church of Notre Dame at Saint Omer. It is, perhaps, the most typical work in precious metals of the period. It is, at all events, the one which gives the strongest impression of the peculiar style of decoration: the volutes, the applied filigree, the deeply-set stones so characteristic of the art of the twelfth century. The powerful general effect, the strong, restrained outlines are allied to the most delicate grace, to the most abundant richness of



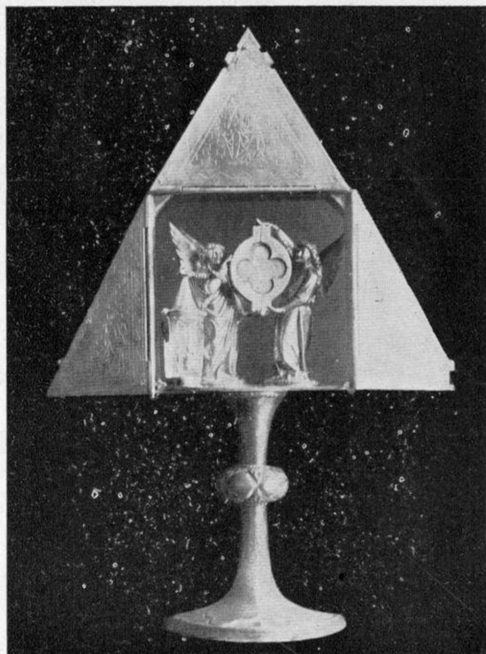
Reliquary in gilded silver (open and closed views): from a church at Charroux (department of Vienne)

detail. Scrolls winding about the precious gems, terminate in clusters of berries, or in floral forms resembling daisies.

At Bar-sur-Aube, we find a beautiful example of the same period. It is a reliquary of Saint Maclou, in the church of the same name (Plate VII). It is of elegant form, rich also as to decoration, and, like all the works of this period, it is supported upon a solid base of considerable diameter and excellent lines.

We now reach a charming work of the end of the same century. It is a reliquary

in gilded silver, which is one of the treasures of the church of Charroux (Plates VIII and IX). It is a work perfect in composition and execution. Plate VIII represents the reliquary as closed. It is decorated with silver filigree of exquisite workmanship. The receptacle, when opened, (Plate IX) shows two angels displaying the relics of the saint. The front face of the plates of the cover bears engraved figures of the Christ and the kneeling donors. It is a singularity of the art of the Middle Ages that it almost never offers representations of God. The only form in which He appears, and rarely then, is that of a hand. Was it because the men of that period did not dare to attempt to figure forth the Almighty? I do not believe that to be the reason. The sculptors and the painters of windows preferred the Christ, the Son of Man, and His Mother, the Virgin, who were nearer humanity and who appeared to them the most effectual mediators between them and God the Father.



Reliquary in gilded silver (open and closed views): from a church at Charroux (department of Vienne)

We present, as a final example, a beautiful cross of the same period, preserved in the Museum of the Louvre (Plate X). It is a perfect type of the silver work of the last part of the twelfth century. It is decorated in filigree and uncut gems, and also with figures: the crucified Christ,—not the dying Savior, but the Victor over death: then, on two branches rising from the central support, St. John and the Virgin in the attitude of grief, exquisite in line and expression. Upon the foot of the cross there are plates of silver enamel in a style which produced masterpieces of mediæval art. But as this work may be classed under the head of enameling, rather than under silver, we shall not further describe it.

We are now to leave the twelfth century. From the point of view of workmanship in gold and silver, it is perhaps the greatest century that we include in our study. We have, therefore, lingered here, and made it the subject of an entire article.

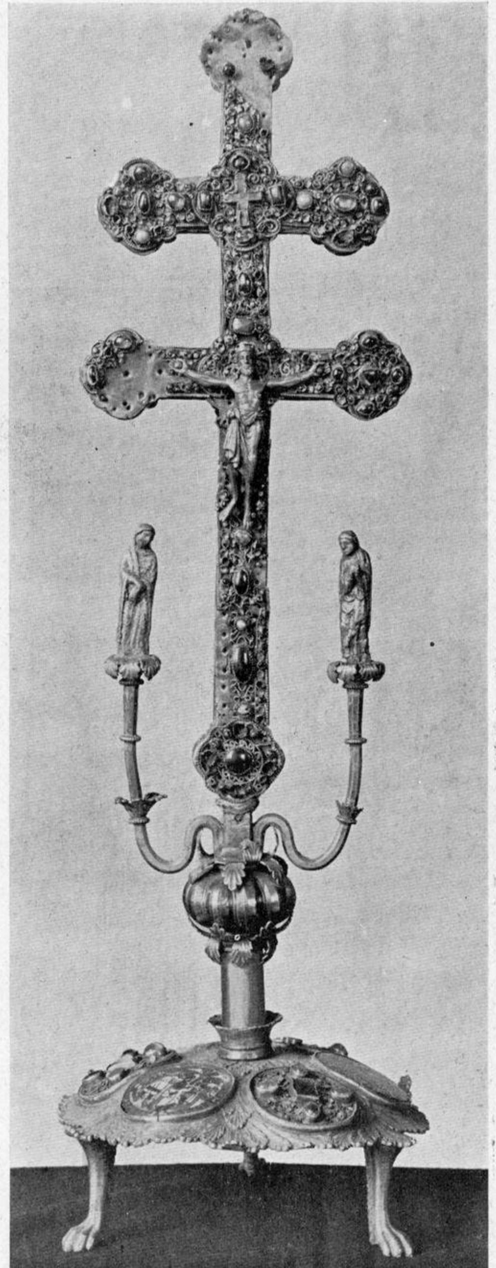
Beside the qualities which we have already noted in the objects illustrated, there is yet one of great importance of which we have not spoken. This is that the objects fashioned at this period, while differing greatly among themselves, have yet a common characteristic: they were designed with the sole intention of discovering forms to which the metal most easily adapts itself, and which, furthermore, are suited to the proposed use of the object. Neither forms nor decoration were borrowed from any allied art. They are peculiar to work in the precious metals. They are excellent.

It might appear that to reserve for each

art the forms peculiar to it would be a simple matter. In fact, nothing is more rare. The arts incessantly borrow from allied arts, and the things borrowed, for the most part, bring misfortune. They seek to appropriate to themselves foreign and hostile forms. For example, wooden furniture has long imitated architecture. Our dressers and buffets boastfully display lines which were created for architecture pure and simple, and architecture in stone only. Inversely, at a certain period of the Renascence, the façade of palaces imitated the fronts of coffers. Stone was treated like wood.

In work in the precious metals, the same conditions have obtained. Beginning with the thirteenth century, this art borrowed also forms from architecture. We shall see appear in objects wrought from metal the pointed arches, the pinnacles, the sculptured gables peculiar to the Gothic style. Even entire monuments will be imitated. We shall have dwarf chapels and miniature churches, the whole wrought with remarkable skill and delicacy. But therein lay the danger. The art of the smith in precious metals departed from the rules which had governed it up to that time, rendering it so beautiful throughout the twelfth century. It was about to lose its originality. We shall meet with excellent work in the three closing centuries of the Middle Ages. But we shall find no more works as perfect as those which we have already examined.

It is, therefore, the art of the twelfth century that the modern craftsman must study with the greatest care. For, it is necessary in all things, to reach primary sources. It is there that we find the purest and clearest water. The work in the precious metals of the twelfth century offers us the finished types of an art which was then in all its richness, as also in all its purity.



Patriarchal cross in gilded silver, now in the galleries of the Louvre

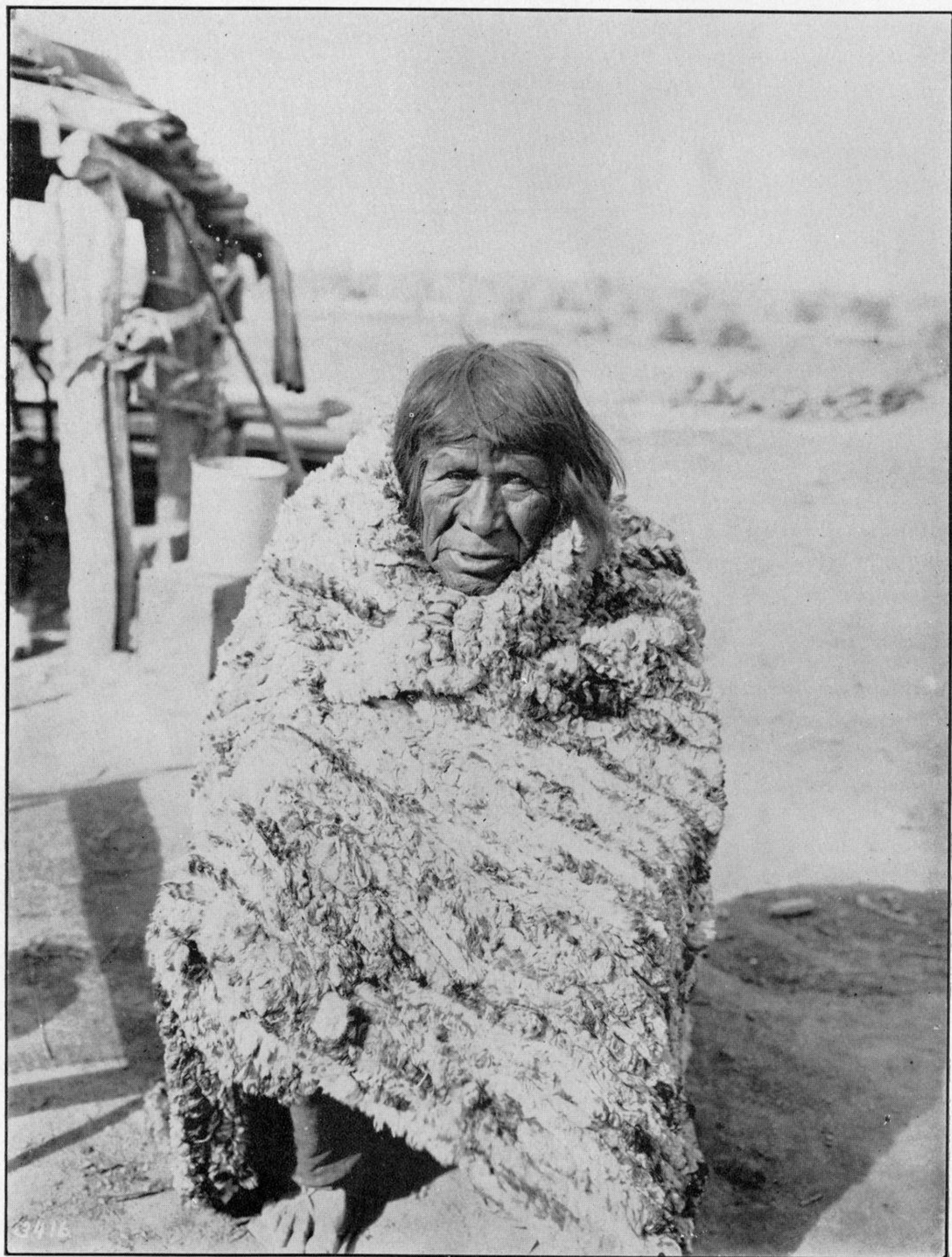


Fig. 5. Blanket of woven skins

PRIMITIVE INVENTIONS

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

WHEN does the age of invention begin? Could we but look back into the far away dim ages of the past and watch the ascent of man from barbarism to civilization, how fascinating the occupation would be! Especially would our keenest interest be aroused at those epoch-making periods in which some small but important discovery was on the verge of being made; when humanity was stumbling toward some great fact that, once seized, was to revolutionize future methods. Who would not delight in such occupation, were he able to take with him into those dark days the light of present day knowledge?

How did men invent fire? When, where and how did they first make any kind of clothing or house? Under what circumstances did they fashion the first weapon? When consciously grind corn? Weave baskets? Make pottery? And the thousand and one other things that the little bronze women and men have handed down to us?

I can conceive of few things as interesting as these in all human progress. How one's heart would beat in high expectation, knowing what was to come, when the naked aborigine first began to shape a bow and arrow, a throwing stick, a war club, a battle-axe! How many attempts there were before success crowned the first efforts; or, alas! how often the thing had to be given up until some future time, perhaps centuries later! How the primitive inventor, prompted by some feeling, he knew not what, working solely for his own interest and profit, without thought of financial reward, or the higher incitement of doing good to his fellows, blindly groped along, confident that he could succeed where success had never yet beckoned; assured that he could accomplish, where none as yet had accomplished!

In the arts of hunting and war man has always been the inventor—those were his prerogatives. In the arts of peace, the domestic arts, woman was the pioneer; she was in her peculiar province. It is a tendency of our latter-day civilization that man claims chieftainship in the arts of peace; but in reality he is there an intruder, an usurper. Woman was the originator, the pioneer, the inventor. Man is the reaper, the enjoyer, and, sad to say, often the claimant and the boaster, forgetful that he inherited what he has and knows from his quieter and less arrogant female ancestor.

During the last few years a great wave of righteous sentiment has been aroused in favor of the North American Indian. As never before in our history, we are seeking to do justice to the peoples we have dispossessed. And not merely in the lower forms of justice—as honesty in treating with them about their lands—but in the higher forms, such as the recognition of what portion of our advancement we owe to their hitherto almost unrecognized struggles and labors.

We pride ourselves upon our advanced civilization, and in some things truthfully, if not wisely. But how many of us have ever considered the questions: To what do we owe our high position among the civilizations of the world? Where did our civilization come from? Who first groped the way out of primitive ignorance, and made our present methods possible? Someone had to begin. The trackless country is not built over with cities all at once. First, the explorer must go over it; then follow the pioneer and colonizer; finally, when everything is known to be reasonably safe, the multitudes pour in. So it is in the march of the world's civilization. There have been explorers to blaze the trails, and pioneers to suggest possibilities, and, in our race struggles, the little brown man and woman whom we know as North American Indians, have played a noteworthy part. It is high time, therefore, that we recognize this and express our gratitude for what they have done.

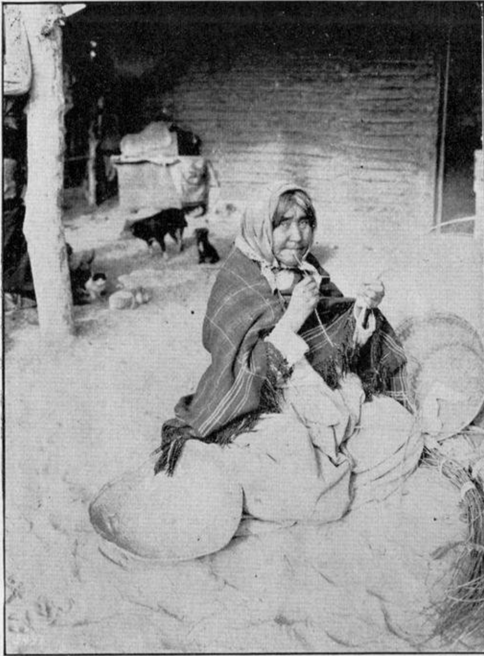


Fig. 1. Chemehuevi woman on the Colorado River preparing splints for basket making

We too often think of our primitive tribes as dull, stolid, unthinking, unimaginative. Nothing can be farther from the facts. They are quick-witted, observant, thinking, imaginative, poetic. They set the ball of progress rolling; indeed, they first made the ball, then started it and indicated its general direction.

Given a Franklin, a Joseph Henry, and a Morse, the work of Edison, Gray, Bell, Marconi and Pupin is possible. But where would the second group have begun if the first had never been? One mind may influence millions. Stephenson and Fulton changed the history of the world; yet they were only men, not gods: men whose brains weighed but an infinitesimal fraction more than those of other men.

It is to the Indian that we owe the beginnings of the things we have carried to a greater or less degree of perfection. They were the original inventors, the suggestors, the "imaginators" (if I may coin an expression). We, the highly cultured and civilized, are the followers; they the leaders. We reap the rewards in the fields they grubbed, plowed, harrowed and sowed. A second crop is easy when the first hard work of clearing is done. So, while we complacently boast of the crops we now reap, let us not forget the day when our fields were wild swamps, rugged mountain slopes, or densely covered forest-growths. And in remembering, let us give due thanks to the long-ago aboriginal toiler, who, unconsciously working to improve his own condi-

tion, unconsciously worked to improve ours also.

This upward impulse is one of the most remarkable facts of all life. "Onward, ever onward! Upward, ever upward!" the hidden impulse urges, and the races have been compelled to obey. Necessity may have been the spur. That matters not. Something kept urging, and we are what we are to-day because of it, and because the little bronze man and woman obeyed imperative commands from some high and unknown power.

It must have been in the early days of the race that a vehicle for carrying was first discovered. The bird's nest, the tangled vines, the spider's web,—who knows?—may have suggested to the undeveloped mind of the early woman of the race the first net or basket, and aroused in her the desire to construct something that should enable her to carry many small things together. The desire awakened, she was forced to carry it out. How? What material could she use? What shape follow? At the very outset she was, by necessity, an adapter, an inventor. So she set to work, trying a variety of materials, experimenting again and again, until she found what she judged to be the best. And now we have learned that those native materials which she judged "best" for constructive purposes, modern science has accepted as having no superiors. Rapidly looking over the field of the Indian basket-maker of to-day, we find that she has tested every available material. She has covered the ground most thoroughly. The splint of willow, cedarbark, spruce-root, yucca-fiber, ash, hickory, slough-root, tule-root, corn-husk, squaw-grass, maiden-hair fern stem, red-bud, and a thousand and one other vegetable growths cause the student to wonder at the wide reach of the Amerind's knowledge of materials. There is nothing that she has left untested. Every possible article has been tried and proven.

Having obtained the best possible material, the primitive woman proceeded to the invention of forms. Here Nature was her teacher. The primitive art-instinct is to imitate. The eyes fall upon some object that is pleasing. The object arouses a desire to copy it. True art inspiration can be best obtained in Nature. All the great masters of our later times have returned to the great source of life. Cloister-fed fancies may have pleased cloister-trained minds, but the great world has never been moved by anything but that which has been inspired by Nature. It is "one touch of

Fig. 2. Hopi woman weaving basket

Nature that makes the whole world kin." Our harmful divergencies lie in being artificial. The Amerind, fortunately, had no art schools; no teachers, with theories and systems deflecting the mind from undefiled sources of inspiration; no books confusing by their attempted explanations. No! she had nothing but pure, sweet, rugged, tempest-tossed, sun-kissed Nature. Nature in all her moods. Mother Nature; Father Nature; sunshine and storm; everlasting hills and earthquakes; waving grass-fields and tornadoes; flowing streams and tidal waves; towering trees and modest flowers. Here was her school of art and design; here were her models. She saw the spider's web, and she constructed the "reda" or net. She saw a gourd, and proceeded to make a water bottle shaped like it, and thus invented a shape structural and therefore permanent: at once useful and graceful. For, should this vessel fall from the saddle, such is its shape that it would immediately right itself, so that but little of its precious contents would be wasted: a desideratum in the desert, where water is most valuable.

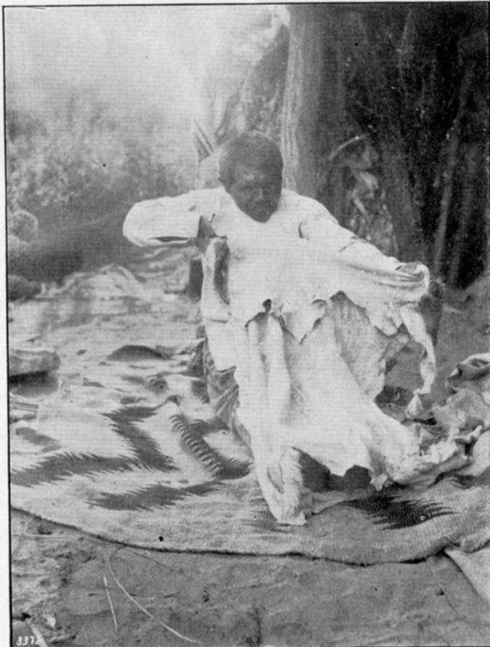


Fig. 3. Havasupai Indian dressing buckskin

Thus, one by one, nature-shapes were adopted, until now the number and variety of them are almost beyond enumeration. The shapes alone of a good basketry collection would number many hundreds. And, remarkable to say,—or, rather, it would be remarkable, were it not that Nature never errs, and that in copying Nature the Amerind has avoided our errors—there is not a single shape that is ugly or inappropriate to the work for which it is needed. Water-bottle, treasure-basket, cooking-basket, mush-bowl, carrying-basket, meal-tray, hat, roasting-bowl, gambling-plaque, fish-basket: all are perfect in shape, and in adaptation to use.

The Indian woman, having chosen her material and invented her shapes, next considered the kind of stitches to be put into her work. Nature did not give her models from which closely to copy here, so she experimented and invented. The spider web was to her a mere suggestion, but that is all. So also the bird's nest. Therefore, our patient inventor sat down, undiscouraged by her task, and, year after year, faithful and patient, she tried, again and again, every weave and stitch that occurred to her. Who can imagine what this meant? Which of us, to-day, would like to be required to invent a new stitch or weave? At first, one naturally thinks that there can be few varieties of stitches; yet the North American Indian invented the simple mat weave, and then played variations upon it

by changing the order of intersection of the splints; she passed to the net weave, with its infinitude of changes; the plait or braid with its great diversity; the coil with its score or more of varieties; the web with its endless series of modifications. Indeed, it may confidently be said that there is not a single stitch or weave known to modern art, made with loom however complicated, that the Indian woman did not invent, and has not had in actual use for centuries. Is she not, then, entitled to our esteem and gratitude for her accomplishments in this direction, for what would the man of to-day be without his textiles varied? He is indebted to the Indian woman, as to other inventors of primitive times, for that which gives him his clothing, napery, bedding, and upholstery.

Basketry and fabric weaving are closely related. It is probable that basketry was invented first, and that weaving came much later. Undoubtedly, the first garments, after fig leaves, were skins of animals. Men killed the animals, and they, together with the women, dressed the skins; though, as belonging to the province of the hunter, it was purely optional with the woman whether or not she touched the skin. This division is clearly marked even to this day among the Havasupais: every man dressing the skins which are the result of his own hunting, and the women having no part in their preparation. The process is simple, yet perfect. No machinery or modern process can produce better, if as good, buckskin, as that which is made by these primitive people. Its quality is known and coveted by tribes a thousand miles away. The green skin is soaked in water until the hair is loose. Then, with a pair of *ji-vi-so-o* (bone knives made from the ribs of a horse), the skin is scraped until perfectly clean. Another brief soaking and the skin is ready to be dressed. This is done by pulling, stretching and working the skin between the fingers, hour after hour, until it is as soft and pliable as desired. Many a time at a pow-wow or council, I have seen the men occupied in quietly rubbing and stretching the buckskin which they had in preparation. (See Fig. 3.)

Among the Havasupais also, one may see the means still in use by which pottery probably came into existence. The term, "Basketry the Mother of Pottery," is more real than imaginative. The basket was the matrix of the pot. Not long ago I saw a Havasupai woman parching corn in a basket. This she lined with a mixture of

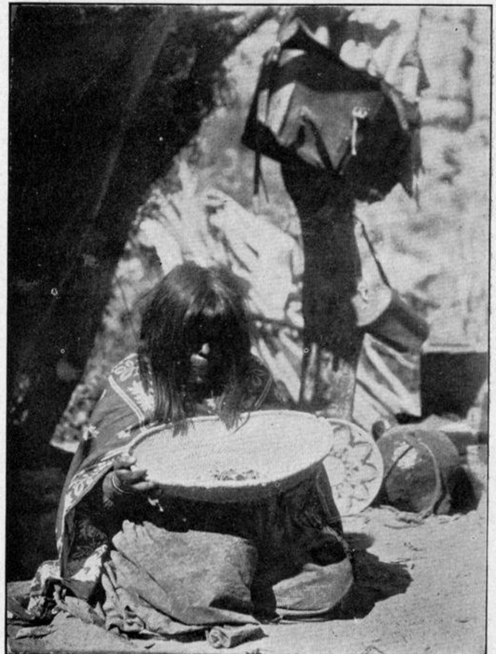


Fig. 4. Havasupai woman parching corn in a basket

sand and clay, in order to prevent it from cracking, and then threw into it a handful of corn and a scattering of live coals.

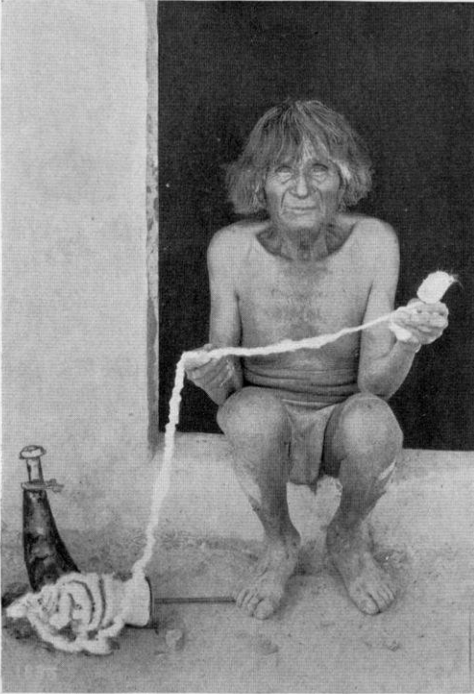


Fig. 6. Navaho Indian spinning

Blowing into the basket, she kept the contents whirling by a circular motion of the hands, until the corn was properly parched. Finally, with a dextrous swing, the corn and coals were separated; the latter was thrown out, and the parched corn remained.

In due process of time the clay lining, under such treatment, hardens, bakes, and separates itself from the basket. What must have been the thought of the first Indian corn parcher when she found a new and convenient vessel, made without the labor of weaving, shaped and perfect at her hands, ready for carrying water or anything else that she chose to place therein? That was a triumph of accidental invention. But scientific research has shown that, voluntarily, for centuries, aboriginal pottery was made in basket or net moulds, and I have myself seen the Zuñi, Laguna, Hopi, Navaho, Acoma and other Indian potters, coiling the clay in ropes in exact imitation of their method of making basketry.

But now let us briefly return to textiles. Before skins were dressed, they were used for clothing: first, undoubtedly, in their rude entirety, afterward subjected to some process of cutting, and shaping to the body of the wearer. But this assumes the skins to be of a size large enough to be so used. What of the skins of smaller animals, such as the gopher, beaver, rabbit, raccoon, etc? These are too small for garments. Something was necessary to make them broadly useful. So the wits of the primitive inventors were set to work, and how slowly or how rapidly the idea came we do not know, but, eventually, we find the aborigine taking the small skins, and sewing or tying them together until he had a long rope; then, on a crude frame, actually weaving them into a blanket, such as that worn by the Mohave Indian in Fig. 5.

Later came the spinning and weaving of vegetable fibre, and what a memorial we owe to the long forgotten, if ever known, discoverers of these processes! My heart has often thrilled at the sight of the great monuments of the world erected in honor of the slayers of mankind, our warriors; and I have silently shed tears as I have watched loving hands strew the graves of unknown soldiers with flowers. But now when I see the mausoleums, triumphal arches, columns, statues, memorial bronzes, I say to myself:

"How unjust, how foolish is mankind! Scores of monuments to the slayers of men, and nothing but curses and anathemas for the busy-minded inventors of the arts of peace. If we must honor the slayers, by no means let us forget the conservers of life."

How did the primitive spinner work? Watch him to-day. He is a Navaho,—he or his wife, sometimes one, sometimes the other. The process followed is the primitive one invented in the dawn of history. The Navaho and his neighbor, the Hopi, grew and spun cotton long before a white man's dreams saw a passage to India by way of the North West. When Spanish colonization began, and sheep were brought into this Western world, three hundred or more years ago, Hopi and Navaho were quick to see the advantage the long, fine wool staple had over the fibre of the cotton. But originally it was yucca-fibre and cotton. And the spinning wheel? See it by the side of the Navaho in Fig. 6. It is a smooth stick on which a circular disc of wood is fastened. It is held in the left hand and rapidly twirled on the knee, with the cotton or wool in the right hand; so that the yarn can be stretched to the required thickness.

Everything is now ready for the weaving. The loom on which the skin blanket, already described was made, was, perhaps, the most primitive of all. It is still in

Fig. 7. Primitive loom used by the Navaho and Hopi Indians

use by several tribes of Indians of the Southwest. It consists of four pegs driven into the ground to hold the four corners of the article to be woven, and completely around these one strand of the skin rope is tightly stretched. This forms the edge for sides, top and bottom, and the top and bottom strands also act as bases for the stretching of the warp strands. As soon as these are in place, the weft strands are woven over and under the warp, until the whole square is filled. Little by little, improvements on this primitive loom were made. The heddle was invented, and an article of many pages, with many illustrations, could be written upon this subject alone. The primitive loom as it is used by the Navaho and Hopis of to-day is a crude and simple, yet most effective contrivance. On it the most marvellous blankets are woven. I have carried water seven miles in a blanket of Indian construction. Yet the whole affair is made by the Indian woman weaver with a few poles cut from the nearest grove, and a couple of raw hide ropes. Using two of the heaviest poles as uprights, she fastens the third across the top, and a fourth across the bottom. Below the upper cross-beam, another beam is suspended by lashings of rawhides, and to this the yarn beam is fastened. On this yarn beam the vertical threads of the warp are tied to a corresponding beam answering the same

Fig. 8. Hopi women building a house

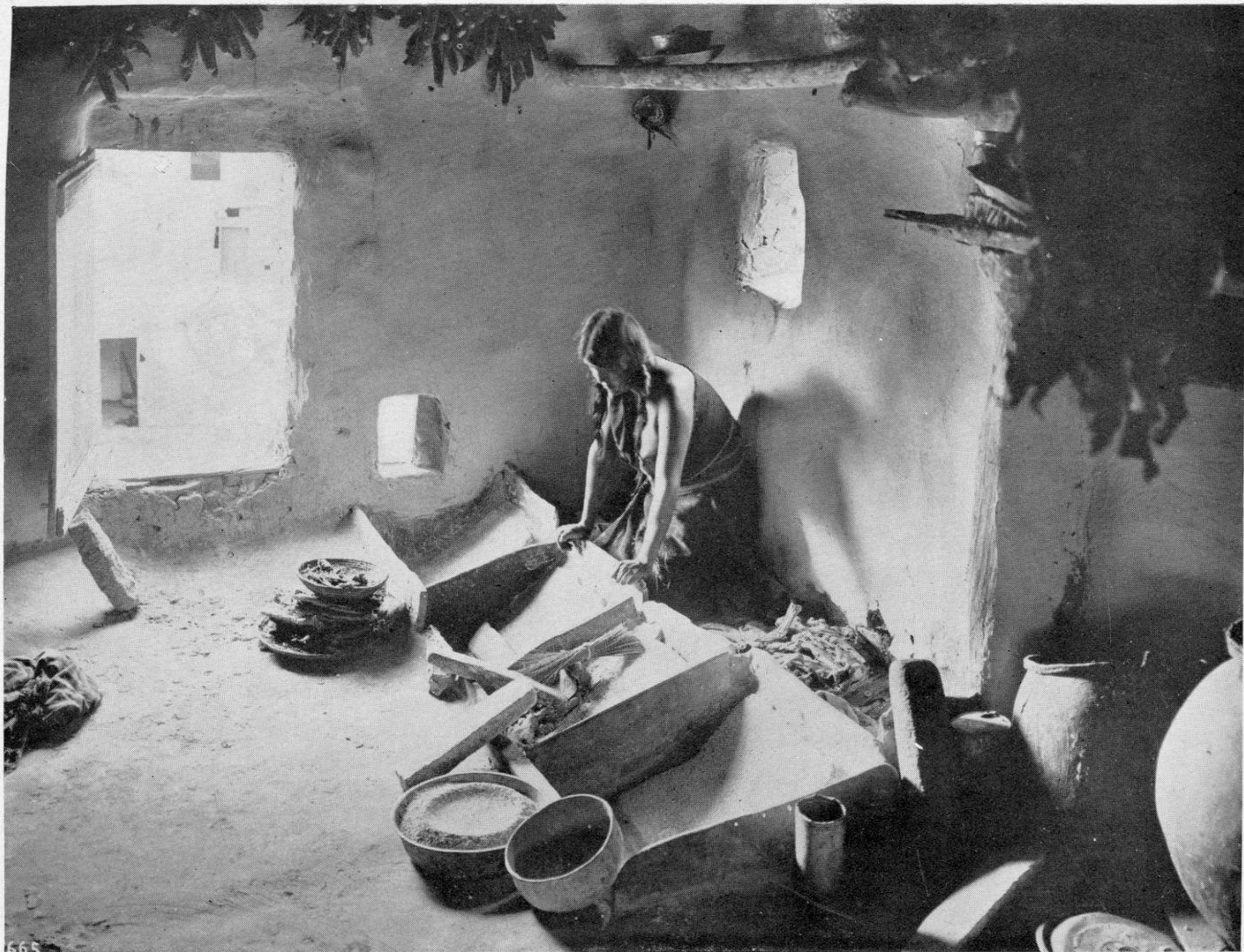


Fig. 9. A primitive mill

purpose at the bottom. The rawhide above serves to draw the threads tight, and when thus fixed, the loom is ready for the weaver. (See Fig. 7.)

With her different "shuttles" of yarn she sits on the ground, tailor fashion, and, thrusting a stick through the warp, divides the cords, so that she can run through them without delay the different threads of the wool. The "shuttle" is a simple piece

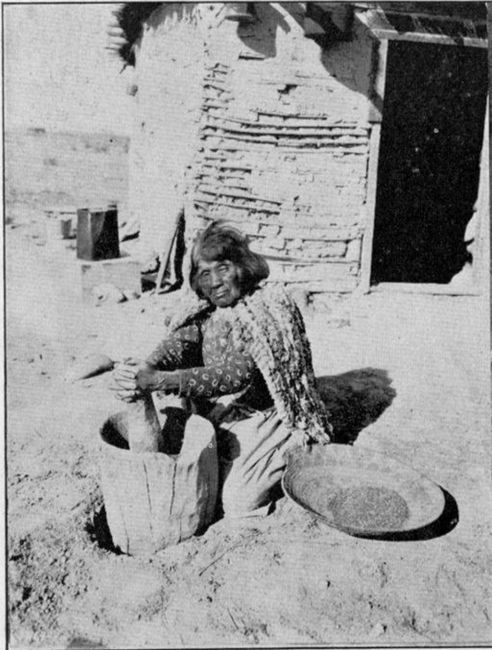


Fig. 10. Mohave Indian pounding mesquite beans in a wooden mortar

of stick, on the end of which the yarn has been wound. As soon as the thread is placed in position, a "batten stick" (which, like the woof stick, is always kept in the warp) is brought down with such great force as to wedge the thread into a firm and close position. And thus every thread is "battened down" with such energy that one does not wonder to find the blanket when finished, impervious to the heaviest rains.

Of the invention of designs for Indian blanketry, basketry and pottery I hope to write later. The subject is one of great fascination and the more it is studied the more does it revolutionize many of our ideas regarding the development of the aesthetic faculties.

The popular conception of the Indian is that the man, the buck, is a monarch, rude and savage, and the woman, the squaw, is a slave, abject and servile. Like so many other "popular" conceptions based upon ignorance or superficial observation, this is an error. Almost without exception, the higher class of explorers, Livingstone, Speke, Burton, and others, tell of the freedom and equality of the primitive woman. The general error seems to have had its birth and growth from the failure of early writers to recognize the fact that among the Indians a distinct division of labor was invariably observed, and that neither sex ever intruded upon the work of the other.

Even to-day misunderstandings of this character are constantly liable to arise. Suppose a person unacquainted with the customs of the Hopi to have witnessed the scene pictured in Fig. 8. Here a score of women are seen engaged in building a house. They mix their own mortar, gather or quarry their own stones, are their own hod carriers, and neither seek nor expect the slightest help from the men,—who sit calmly smoking near them. With such a scene before him, the unacquainted observer would grow angry at the indolence of the men, and their brutality in compelling their women to do such hard work while they sit idly by.

But this would be a waste of sympathy, and a clear evidence of the observer's ignorance. Hopi women, in building their houses, do not desire aid from the men. The women are the owners of the domiciles; therefore, what more natural than that they shall build them?

This very act of house-building is a proof of the Hopi woman's equality with her husband, and, possibly, her superiority over him. For within the walls of the house she is supreme. Except the personal, ceremonial, hunting and war belongings of her husband, everything brought within belongs to her, or is under her control. Even the corn of the field, planted and gathered by her husband, once put into the corn-storage room, is no longer at his disposal.

With the neighboring nomad Navaho the same equality of the sexes obtains, and I can imagine the laugh of scorn that a person would meet, who would question the Hopi or Navaho woman as to her degraded and subordinate position.

Among the aborigines, the sex division of labor was instituted according to the law of natural selection of work; woman, the home-maker, the child-bearer, remaining behind, while the men went abroad to hunt or to make war.

As the food provider, the Indian woman has always been the beast of burden. She has not only been compelled to find the food, but also to transport it to her home (to this the results of the chase are the main exception, woman never having been a hunter). For methods of transportation alone we owe many valuable inventions to primitive women, and bearing upon this subject, Professor Mason of the Smithsonian Institute, has written a lengthy illustrated article of great interest and value.

The food having been carried home, it was necessary for it to be prepared; and here was large scope for the exercise of the primitive inventor's faculties. How was corn to be ground? How cooked? How preserved? Aboriginal woman was the first miller. She took a flat slab of rock,

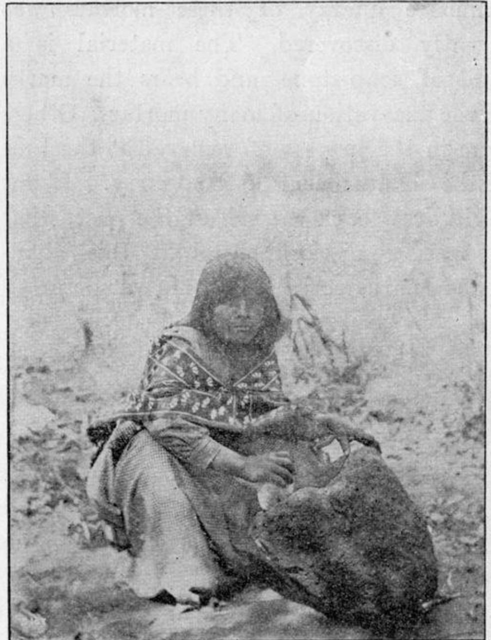


Fig. 11. Wallapai woman with mortar made from lava

sloped it to a convenient angle, took a smaller slab to act as a grinding stone, and, placing the corn between the two, rubbed the one rock over the other, until the grain became meal. Every Indian of the Southwest to-day uses these primitive mills, as seen in Fig. 9.

Some grains were found unfitted for grinding. They were better crushed by pounding, and the Indian women invented

the mortar and pestle. Many of the mortars still in use are made from tree trunks cut off near the root and hollowed out, so that the gnarled twistings at the bottom form a solid pounding base. (See Fig. 10.) Later, mortars were cut out of solid rock. (See Fig. 11.) The process was slow and laborious, and a well prepared mortar meant the hard work of many months. On Santa Catalina Island, just off the coast of Southern California, a primitive quarry of these mortars was recently discovered. The material is a kind of soap-stone, and bears the marks of the excavation of many mortars. Others were in the process of removal at the time of the abandonment of the quarry. If one could draw back the veil of the past, what interesting disclosures might this abandoned quarry reveal! Was it war or pestilence that moved the quarriers and left their work uncompleted? Did they start to cross to the main land in their frail boats, and meet death in some sudden storm? Alas, we can only conjecture, for there is no record to tell us how this change came about.

Fig. 11a. A Southern California stone mortar with basket hopper

The food ground, how must it be cooked? Here primitive woman had to use her faculties, and she became an adept at broiling, boiling, steaming and baking. Although still without pottery or metal utensils, the Indian woman of to-day boils water in a basket, heating it far more quickly than can be done by the means of gas stove or electrical apparatus. At her camp fire she always keeps a number of fair sized stones, and close by is her basket full of water. As soon as the stones are heated thoroughly, she takes a stick with a loop at one end, and, with a dextrous twist, picks up one of the stones upon the loop and throws it into the basket. As long as it "sizzles," she stirs it to keep it from burning the bottom of the basket. When it is cooled, it is rapidly jerked out and another hot stone takes its place. In this way the water is made to boil quickly. Many times I have seen acorn and other mush cooked in this way; the hot stones being stirred into the food until it was thoroughly cooked. (See Fig. 12.)

Even in the inventions of necessary toilet articles, the primitive woman has had her share. As we use the delicately scented Lubin's or Pears's soap, we are not liable to be grateful to the greasy little primitive woman of long centuries ago.

But we are so indebted. It was she, not our refined ancestors, who invented soap. They have invented new methods of pre-

paring it, but the finest and best soap made even to-day, is the same as that which was prepared by the bronze woman of the wilds. She took the root of the amole (a species of yucca), bruised and macerated it, and

Fig. 12. Indian woman boiling water in a basket

then beat it up and down in her bowl of water. She thus made better, sweeter and more agreeable soap than comes from the French or English perfumer of reputation.

I have thus rapidly outlined a few of the things which we owe to primitive woman. The list might be lengthened ten times. I have said nothing of the instruments for making fire, the hand drill, the making of skin and birch bark canoes and other vessels, the work in metals, the taming of wild animals, the cultivation of plants, the discovery of medicines and of their methods of application.

But even with these things the list would be inadequate. The inventiveness of the primitive woman was never more wonderfully shown than in religion and philosophy. She devised a system of religion to account for all the fearful phenomena that she observed. She was the inventor of the story-telling art, and, indeed, the first teacher of language. She excelled in the art of representing human thought by picture-writing, out of which the alphabet was slowly developed. Therefore, it is not too much to say that we owe a vast amount of gratitude to the ignored women of the dawn of history. If, in future, we find ourselves unable to speak a good word for the Indian, our American representative of a primitive race, we shall no longer be able to plead ignorance. We shall at least "have awakened our senses, that we may better judge."

BY BEHOLDING TRUE BEAUTY WITH THE EYE OF THE MIND, WE WILL BE ENABLED TO BRING FORTH NOT IMAGES, BUT REALTIES, AND BRINGING FORTH AND NOURISHING TRUE VIRTUES, TO BECOME THE FRIENDS OF GOD.

PLATO

WAS JESUS A CARPENTER?

ERNEST CROSBY

JESUS is usually said to have been a carpenter. This assertion is based chiefly upon a single passage in the Gospel of St. Mark (vi, 3), where the people listening to his preaching in the synagogue in "his own country," were astonished and cried: "What is the wisdom that is given unto this man, and what mean such mighty works wrought by his hands? Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" Taken by itself this text is by no means decisive, for it is not a statement that Jesus was a carpenter, but merely that his auditors called him such, and they might have been mistaken or inaccurate. If we turn to the parallel passage in the Gospel of St. Matthew, we find an almost identical account of the same episode. "And coming into his own country he taught them in their synagogue, insomuch that they were astonished, and said, Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary?" (Mat. xiii, 54-5.) The two phrases, "Is not this the carpenter?" and "Is not this the carpenter's son?" are clearly variations of what was historically a single question, and in the original Greek they are equally similar: *οὐχ οὗτός ἐστιν ὁ τέκτων;* and *οὐχ οὗτός ἐστιν ὁ τοῦ τέκτονος υἱός.* The people evidently made one of these remarks and not the other, and the difference is due to the error of one of the recorders. Which version is the more likely to be correct? It is impossible for us to determine, but it is at least just as probable that the designation of "carpenter" was applied to his father as to himself, and we must still consider the question of his calling an open one. There is a passage in the Gospel of St. John which seems to have been derived from the same source, and it reads as follows: "And they said, 'Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know?'" Here the words, "the son of Joseph," might be regarded as a paraphrase of the words, "the carpenter's son," which would make this reading of St. Matthew's appear to be the most authentic, and if this conclusion be correct, all proof of the fact that Jesus was a carpenter would disappear from the Gospels.

The word *τέκτων* which is correctly translated in our versions of the New Testament as "carpenter," has etymologically a somewhat broader meaning, denoting any kind of craftsman, the same root appearing in our word "architect," which comes from the Greek *ἀρχιτέκτων*, a master-craftsman. In the time of Jesus it undoubtedly designated any worker in wood,—cabinet-maker, wood-carver, or builder as the case might be,—but it must be borne in mind that practically all the houses of Palestine were built of stone, that material being very plentiful, while timber was rare. Justin Martyr, who lived in the second century, refers in his "Dialogue with Trypho" to the trade of Jesus. "And when Jesus came to the Jor-

dan," he says, "he was considered to be the son of Joseph the carpenter, . . . and he was deemed a carpenter (for he was in the habit of working as a carpenter when among men, making ploughs and yokes; by which he taught the symbols of righteousness and an active life)." (Chapter 88.) In the absence of other confirmatory evidence this passage does not seem to be conclusive. The phrase "he was deemed a carpenter," suggests uncertainty on the part of the writer, and the imputation of symbolism to the mechanical work of Jesus has a certain fantastic air which would tend to classify the story with the legends of the apocryphal Gospels. The four canonical Evangelists make no further allusion to his trade or occupation. They pass over his life from his early infancy until his thirtieth year, in a few words, and it does not appear that during the period of his ministry he engaged in any manual labor, or at any rate if he did, the fact is not mentioned.

Let us turn from these unsatisfactory proofs to the internal evidence afforded by the words of Jesus himself. His discourses, conversations and observations have been preserved in great fullness as recorded by various hearers, and we may be sure that we have a quite complete compendium of his entire thought as expressed in language. Let us examine the Gospels and read his sayings with the hope of extracting from them some hints of the work which he was accustomed to perform, day after day, during his youth and early manhood. And we are surprised first of all not to find a single word which points to either carpentry or to any handicraft whatever. He shows deep familiarity with almost every other phase of life: domestic, commercial, professional, agricultural; for no man ever entered more fully into the daily routine of existence around him and reflected it more vividly in his every utterance. How often he may have seen his mother hide the leaven in three measures of meal! and how clearly the use of the definite number "three" gives the color of an actual experience to the parable! And so he speaks of "two" women grinding, and we find the same precision in the story of the man who comes to his neighbor's house at midnight, and cries: "Friend, lend me *three* loaves, for a friend of mine is come to me from a journey, and I have nothing to set before him." Jesus had seen children asking their fathers for bread, and he takes this commonest of foods as a symbol of himself: "I am the bread of life." He speaks familiarly of the household supplies and articles: of salt, and candles and bushel-measures; of the mending of clothes and the washing of cups and platters; and when he tells us of the woman who called in her friends to rejoice with her after she had found the lost piece of silver, we may well suppose that he is recalling some actual event. Nothing in the home life of his own family or of his friends escaped him, and all that he observed was impressed upon his mind so that he could use it as occasion offered in parable and metaphor.

He shows an acquaintance also with the mercantile life of towns; he tells of the merchant seeking pearls, of bankers and money-lenders and usurers, and he knows the price of sparrows in the market: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" (Mat. x, 29.) "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" (Luke xii, 6.) He speaks of judges and officers of the law, and of

physicians. He has seen children playing in the market-place, and Pharisees praying at the street corners and in the Temple, and he remembers the details of feasts and weddings, the order of the guests at table, and the style of garment required. He can use for illustration the sepulchres on the hillside, the wars of kings of which he has read, or the latest tale of robbery, either of the highwayman or of the burglar who breaks through (or rather "digs through"), and steals.

But of all this nothing seems as yet to suggest a regular occupation on the part of Jesus. Such callings as have been referred to by him so far are evidently looked at from the outside. The references are those of an observer and not of an actor. When we turn however to his allusions to the rural world of corn-field and vineyard and sheepfold, we seem to enter a new region of which he speaks with the technical knowledge of an expert. With what particularity he details the incidents of the sower's day's work! Nothing could be more certain than that Jesus had often sown seed himself and seen the birds devour that which fell by the wayside, and had watched the fortunes of the crop from day to day, and noted how the sun scorched the blades which came up in rocky places, "because they had no deepness of earth," and how they withered away, "because they had no root," and how the thorns choked the seed that fell among them. And he knew exactly how much that which fell in good ground should yield: "some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty." When tares grow in a field, he was aware that it is best not to attempt to root them out, but to wait until the harvest and then to say to the reapers: "Gather up first the tares, and bind them in bundles and burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn." And he had often watched with wonder the miracle of the growth of grain, which, while the farmer goes about his duties, springs up and grows, "he knoweth not how." And he had followed the fate of the "grass of the field," "which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven" as fuel. He knows that the "mustard-seed" is the smallest of seeds, and he has seen the birds light in the branches of the tree which springs from it. He has remarked the fowls of the air, and their nests: the sparrows, the eagles feeding on carrion, the fox and his hole, and the lily of the field. He has lived out of door and studied the action of sun and rain and lightning: he knows that a cloud rising in the West portends a shower, and a south wind scorching heat, and that when the fig-trees shoot forth, summer is nigh at hand. He has seen oxen and asses watered on the Sabbath, and has probably done it himself. They are "loosed" from the stall and led away to watering. He is conversant with the custom which, when the servant comes in from plowing, requires him first to prepare his master's supper. Jesus knows well the great estates of the rich with their stewards and overseers, and it is such products of husbandry as oil and wheat which formed the debts reduced by the "unjust steward." He knows well the rich man who builds great barns and fills them with his crops, when his soul is required of him. Country sights of all kinds furnish him with ready images: the man who puts his hand to the plough and turns back, the treasure found in the field, the ox or the ass fallen into the well. He appears also

to have had some knowledge of fishing, and of the way in which the fishermen draw the net up on the beach, and throw away the bad fish while they gather the good into vessels, and when he advises Peter at their first meeting where to cast his net, the result is successful.

No less marked is the familiarity of Jesus with fruit-culture. A fig-tree which has not borne fruit for several years must be digged about and fertilized. A good tree brings forth good fruit, and a corrupt tree evil fruit, and the latter must be hewn down. Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. Jesus knows how laborers are hired in the marketplace to work in vineyards, and how a man employs his own sons in such work, and he tells a parable of a householder who planted a vineyard and set a hedge about it, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen. He likens himself to a vine. Vine-branches that bear no fruit are taken away, while those that bear are cleansed so that they may bear more, and the withered branches are burned. The new wine must be put into new leathern bottles, as it would burst old bottles.

Jesus also shows special knowledge of the duties of a shepherd. A sheep may be lifted out of a pit on the Sabbath. He is himself the good shepherd. The porter of the sheepfold opens the door to the shepherd, but the robber climbs up some other way. The sheep recognize their shepherd's voice, and he calls them by name and leads them out. When he has brought out all his own sheep, leaving behind those of the other shepherds, he goes before them and they follow him, for they know his voice. But they will flee from a stranger, because they do not know his voice. He likens himself, too, to the door of the fold. The good shepherd gives his life for the sheep, if they are his own sheep, but a mere hireling runs away from the wolf, and the wolf snatches them and scatters them. When the owner of an hundred sheep loses one, he leaves all the rest and searches for the lost one in the mountains until he finds it, and then he rejoices over it more than over the other ninety-nine. Jesus sends his disciples forth as sheep in the midst of wolves, and he warns them against false prophets which come in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves, and he tells how shepherds separate the sheep from the goats.

We have now given a fairly complete *résumé* of the references which Jesus makes to the popular life around him. It is wonderful what a living picture we can construct from it of the society of his time. Only one feature is absent,—almost totally absent,—and that is any hint of craftsmanship of any kind. In one place he speaks of the two men who built houses on the rock and on the sand, but not a single detail of the construction is given. It is the fall of the house on the sand which is described, and how the rain descended and the floods came and the wind blew and smote upon that house. All his attention is fixed on the work of nature. In another place he tells of the building of a tower, but he only refers to it for the purpose of dwelling upon the necessity of counting the cost beforehand, lest it be left unfinished. It is certainly astounding that whatever his occupation, Jesus never alludes to the work of an artificer. A carpenter's trade offers almost as many opportunities for parable and

parallel as the farmer's. The difference in the fibre of woods, the seasoning of timber and its warping, the use of the various tools, the adaptation of the parts of the article manufactured to the whole,—surely here was a field worth cultivating! Is it not inconceivable that Jesus should have been a craftsman and yet have failed to say one word of his craft? His mind seems to have turned almost invariably to the world of the farm for his similes; the scenes of farm life were always haunting him, and he recurred to them with evident affection. Even the excuses given by the wedding-guests were agricultural excuses: "I have bought a field, and I must needs go out and see it," "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them." It is noticeable in this connection that Justin Martyr ascribes to Jesus the trade of making yokes and ploughs, both of them agricultural implements. If this really was his occupation, it would give additional interest to his injunction: "Take my yoke upon you, . . . for my yoke is easy," but if he had intended to speak of his trade he would hardly have added the irrelevant phrase, "and my burden is light," as the burden drawn by the yoke was not manufactured by the maker of the yoke. The carpenters of Nazareth to-day make little miniature yokes and ploughs which are sold to pilgrims and travelers, and I possess one of each which I bought there some years since. They have taken their idea from Justin Martyr.

In only one place do we find Jesus confronted with craftsmanship or with plastic arts in any form, and that was when he was going forth from the Temple at Jerusalem, and "some spake of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and offerings" (that is, votive offerings), or said to him, as it is given in another Gospel: "Master, behold, what manner of stones and what manner of buildings!" But Jesus does not express any admiration. "Seest thou these great buildings?" he says. "There shall not be left here one stone upon another which shall not be thrown down." That this temple of Herod was a most magnificent building we learn from the writings of Josephus. Mr. James Ferguson, a competent authority, concludes in his description of it that "it must have formed, when combined with the beauty of the situation, one of the most splendid architectural combinations of the ancient world." It seems safe then to infer that Jesus was indifferent to architecture and to craftsmanship generally. I have looked through the "*logia*" of Jesus (that is, the sayings attributed to him on good authority, but not contained in the Gospels), and have only succeeded in finding in one of them any reference, direct or indirect, to handicraft. Resch, in his "Agrapha" (Leipzig, 1889) gives sixty-two fairly authentic sayings of this kind, but none of them is to the point. In the winter of 1896-7, however, a manuscript, dating probably from the third century, was discovered in Egypt by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt of the Egypt Exploration Fund, which contained among other "*logia*" the following sentence, "Jesus saith:" (and then follow some undecipherable words) "Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and there am I." The authenticity of this text is exceedingly doubtful, but it should be taken into consideration in determining whether Jesus was a carpenter or not.

The conclusion to which I am disposed to

come is that Jesus was not a carpenter, and that if his father ever was one, he had ceased to ply his trade before Jesus was old enough to pay attention to his work; for otherwise the early impressions of the craft would have impressed themselves upon his mind. The tradition, in fact is, that Joseph was a very old man and that he died while Jesus was still a lad. It seems pretty certain on the other hand that Jesus had earned his living in agriculture, vine-dressing and sheep-raising, so that not only were all the details of these occupations at his fingers' ends, but they afforded him with the rich stock of illustrations upon which he was accustomed to draw. The Jews have never been preëminent as craftsmen, for which fact the proscription of graven images may be in part responsible, and the idea of "joy in work," as presented by Ruskin and Morris is peculiarly Western and modern. That Jesus was an artist from the literary point of view, no one who reads the parable of the "Prodigal Son" can doubt, but in the world of the senses it was nature, and not art, that attracted him. He had no taste for craftsmanship, and it is altogether unlikely that he ever was a craftsman. From his cradle in the manger of the oxen to his tomb in a "garden" (κῆπος, orchard or plantation), his life savored of the soil and of its primary and essential travail.

AND THE INDIVIDUAL IN WHOM SIMPLE TASTES AND SUSCEPTIBILITY TO ALL THE GREAT HUMAN INFLUENCES, OVERPOWER THE ACCIDENTS OF A LOCAL AND SPECIAL CULTURE, IS THE BEST CRITIC OF ART. THOUGH WE TRAVEL THE WORLD OVER TO FIND THE BEAUTIFUL. WE MUST CARRY IT WITH US, OR WE FIND IT NOT.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

JAPANESE BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS

LEON MEAD

WE should not judge Japanese pictures solely by our own canons. To understand what Japanese art means we should know something of the national spirit of the people, their temperament, their customs, their traditions; for their great painters and carvers and craftsmen have put all these and much more into their work. The history of Japan may be said to be perpetuated in her works of art; and among the latter may be classed *de luxe* books—made chiefly for rich foreigners, as the average native cannot afford them. Certain wealthy Japanese savants, however, have special books, with fine illustrations, made for their libraries.

They possess in Japan the skill and facilities to turn out exquisite vellum editions. Xylography has made giant strides there, and their colortype printing, done by hand on crêpe paper, is rich and glowing in effect—almost like embossed enamels. The reproductions here presented of course give no idea of the brilliant color schemes of their originals, which as specimens of artistic illustration, however, do not belong to the highest class. They may serve to suggest the general merit of the works that are sold to foreigners as souvenir volumes at moderate prices. The *de luxe* editions have far more delicate tints and elaborate contrasts, not to say embellishments, and much decorative gold work, like some of the mediæval missals of Europe.

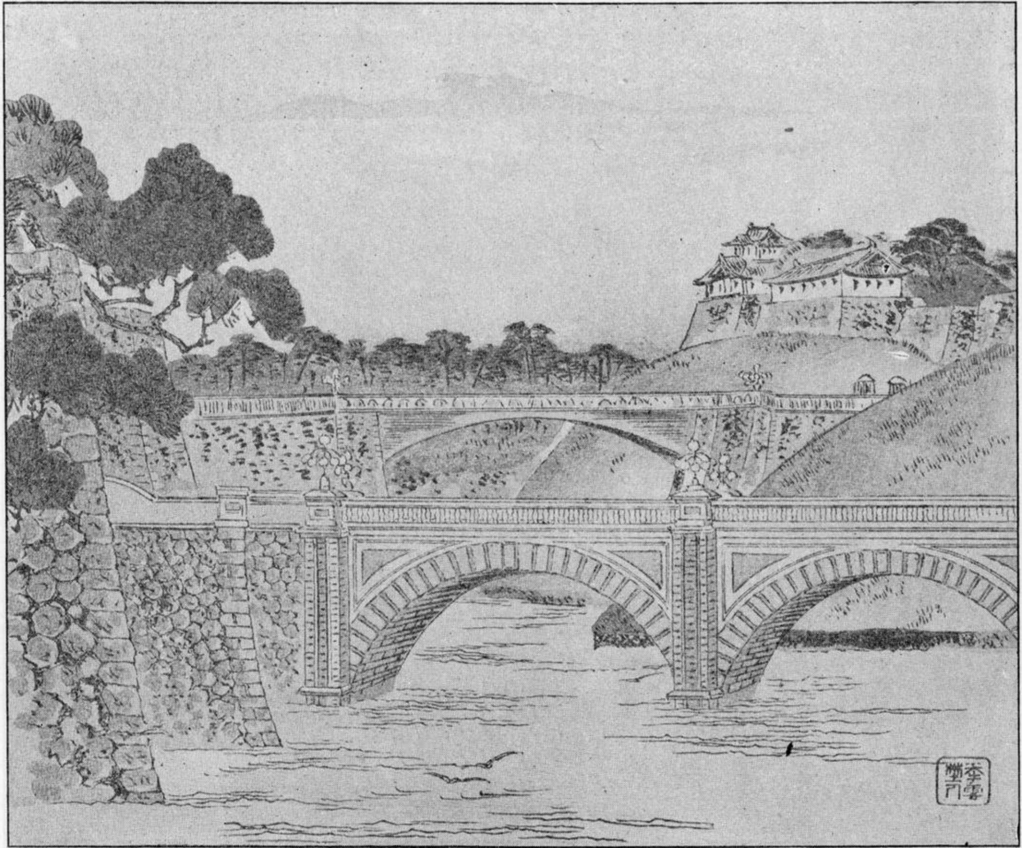
Many of these souvenir books are merely a series of pictures, without any text, except a few explanatory words in Japanese on the margins. They usually give a pictorial version of some popular old legend or celebrate the exploits of some Shinto god or historic hero. The Buddhist mythology is also often represented, but artists nowadays are leaving such lore alone; as Buddhism is under the ban of the government.

Formerly, painting was not considered a vocation by itself in Japan, but a branch of decorative art. For this reason some of the foremost artists in the "Land of the Rising Sun" never attempted an ambitious subject on canvas, but painted birds and flowers on china and porcelain, or quaint designs on lacquer, or executed superb carvings on ivory. The artistic bent of others was exercised in the work of painting pictures on paper-lanterns, fans, parasols and screens, or in weaving gorgeous brocaded silks and priceless tapestries and mats.

About one hundred years ago such artists as Hôyen, Yusei and Hokusai began to break away from the trammels of the old schools and conventions, and to take up free-hand drawing. This was intended to be a popular art and of necessity economy was an important factor; therefore, the process of printing with color blocks was evolved. Four printings in the hands of an expert workman are all that is necessary to produce color combinations of the utmost subtlety and power. To the Occi-

dental mind the crudeness of the process is startling, and to those who are familiar with machine processes, possibly appalling.

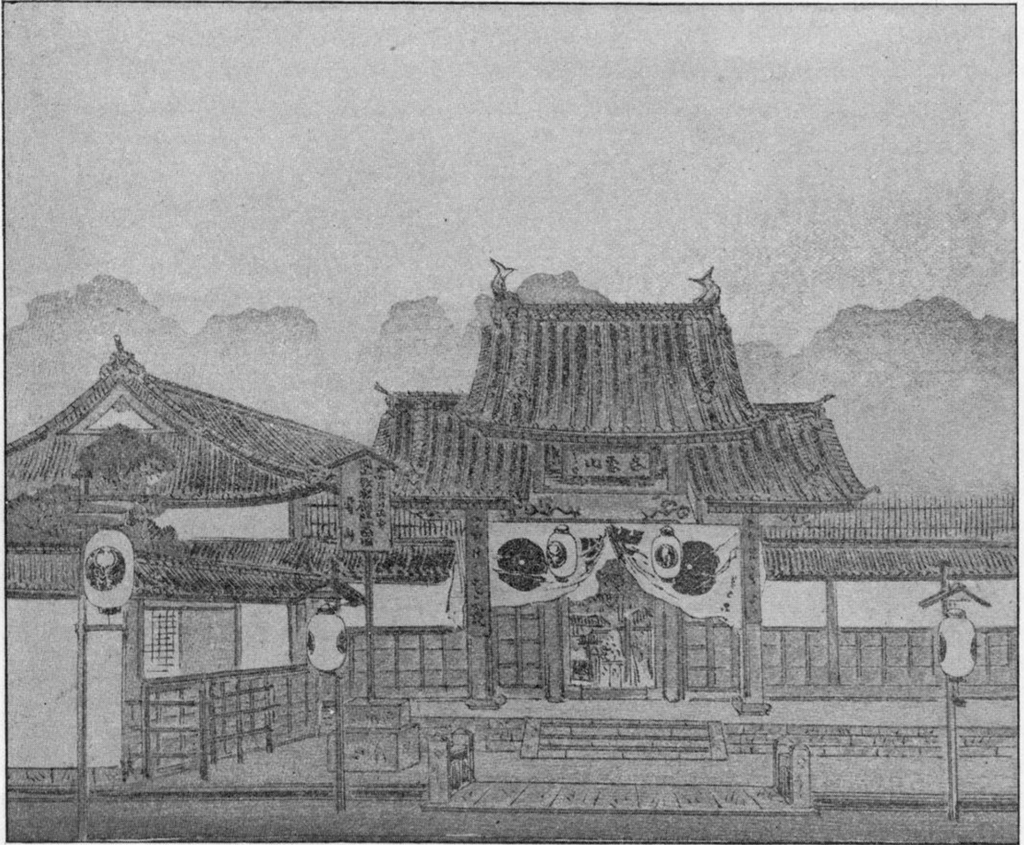
Imagine an engraver with a piece of cherry plank, on the flat side of the same carving, with the utmost precision, lines the most comprehensive that the art of the world has ever seen, with a Japanese jack-knife. This process includes what is known as the black or outline block, and others which carry the different colors to be printed each over the other. Then with the combination of the simplest possible colors mixed with a little rice paste, and only the trained skill of the printer as a means of register, are produced these prints which rank in the art world in the same plane with the etchings of Rembrandt.



Prior to Korin the art of the Japanese was essentially classic and a continuation of the conventions brought to their country by the Chinese, through the medium of their Buddhist Priests. It was characterized by extreme angularity of form, rigid conventions and symbolism of an involved and pronounced type. With the advent of Korin, who was the first master and greatest influence in the life and art of

Hokusai, came the response to a demand for a popular art; the old being done entirely at the request of Shogun and his noble associates.

The Ukioye, or "Floating World," had then its origin in Korin, from whom came an artistic descent of most illustrious masters. Among these may be mentioned: Hokusai, Toyokuni, Kunasada and Hiroshisi, with whom color printing, as a great art, perished in the middle of the last century; there being at the present time strenuous but tentative efforts on the part of the Imperial Government to revive it.



Great art is in no sense psychologically narrow or insular. It is not impossible for Western artists to absorb the essence of Japanese art. Moreover, certain Japanese artists, such as Genjiro Geto, who have studied in this country and Europe, have shown a quick aptitude in acquiring the essential details of the three chief schools of Occidental art. Many, too, have sought to combine the features that distinguish the best works of Japanese and of Western painters; but the results thus obtained are hybrid and promise no supreme achievements. The Japanese would better con-

fine themselves to their own style and not try to blend with it an exotic taste; or if they prefer Western ideals and methods, they would better follow them exclusively.

The range of Japanese subjects for the brush, for wash drawings, for dry point etchings, etc., is not wider than their treatment. In dramatic painting, amazing versatility is evinced. Human violence is one of their favorite themes. In painting wind storms—typhoons, as they are called in the Orient—the Japanese are not equaled by Western painters. To American eyes their portraits are little short of caricatures; for they exaggerate those features which they think make for beauty. For instance, they regard a long nose as aristocratic, a sign of high birth; hence they make long noses in their pictures, although, as everyone is aware, the people have short, stubby noses.

If you have studied at first hand the characteristics of the Japanese, you are better prepared to judge of their art. If you know that as a people they are imaginative, humorous, emotional, aesthetic, and very much like children, the *motifs* they introduce in their book illustrations and the expression of their thoughts and fancies in

color have for you a clearer and more serious significance. But even then, at times, from inability to command their point of view in art, we miss some of the suggestions of their symbolism.

Only the Japanese temperament can grasp the ethical or artistic purpose back of those pictures which to us seems merely bizarre and elusive in meaning. We laugh at their perspectives and their figures, which, according to our ideas, are out of drawing. But we must remember that the Japanese artist purposely avoids what we call Greek symmetry; that in the irregular line he makes his most effective appeal to the appreciation of his countrymen. He interprets life and nature, illustrates poems, legends and stories from a point of view into which enter a thousand convictions and actuations more or less opposed to our own; though in a final analysis these differences are found to be merely radiations which are traceable back to the same source. Only the eternal human soul is unresolvable.

BROWNING'S MESSAGE TO ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN OF TO-DAY

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

THE poet, the prophet, the seer. How often he writes in one age, far in advance of his time, the peculiar message needed for the next. Browning is gone, but his message lives. It had power and force when he wrote it. It has greater potency to-day. It is needed more to-day than then. He was no trifler with life and its duties. He was no unthinking optimist. He believed in directing natural impulses, making the most of them, getting the best out of them. In effect, he said, "We are going along well only if we get well out of our going. We need not worry about the future if we are doing our best now. But let us be sure that we are doing our best."

In "Andrea del Sarto," his great poem on the faultless painter, he preaches his powerful sermon to the Artists and Craftsmen of to-day.

Hear ye then and heed!

No one questioned the work of Andrea. Even in his own day his technique was regarded as perfect, "faultless." Pigments, canvas, brushes, lent themselves to him and obeyed his every behest. He thought and desired, and immediately his thoughts and desires were made manifest upon the brilliant and striking canvas upon his easel.

The world came and worshipped at his shrine; bowed at his feet, flattered, fêted, praised him. Money flowed into his coffers. His fellow painters envied him, congratulated him upon his godlike and perfect gifts, hated him for his supremacy over them. Yet his good will, his courtesy, his high breeding, his gentleness, in a measure won them and softened the fury of their envy, and assuaged somewhat the pangs of their jealousy. Yet, poor fellow, he felt as none of them dreamed he felt. He had a personal skeleton in his own closet, he, the happy, to-be-envied, the elect. Sadness and sorrow were his constant companions. Every new achievement in the eyes of the world was a new sorrow to himself. Every new triumph was a new failure to him.

For he felt that he did not possess that heaven-born aspiration,—desire, longing, passion,—that alone makes work worthy. With consummate art and skill Browning, the most conscientious poet of all time, reveals the painter's inner soul,—shows his secret sorrow.

> "I often am much wearier than you think,
> This evening more than usual."

Yes! who knows, who can know, the sorrow of the soul looking upon its own glaring imperfections, incompletenesses. And the keenness of such sorrow is the fact that it is for what the world never dreams to exist. The cry of weakness of the man who leads, like Savonarola, or Cromwell. The cry of uncertainty of the dogmatist, like Calvin. The cry for wisdom in him whom

the world counts wise. The cry of inability in whom the world counts its most able.

Del Sarto knew his ability from the world's standpoint. He had seen even the critical world pass sentence on the vulgar mass called his "work."

"Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice."

He was no fool. He could truthfully exclaim:

"I am bold to say,
I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
Do easily, too,—when I say, perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps."

He could compare his own work with that of his compeers. He knew well enough that when the critics praised their work they were praising his. And there was no boasting in recognizing acknowledged facts.

And he knew, too, how easily such masterly work flowed from his fingers. It was easy—there was no effort. It seemed as if everything lent itself to his moods when work was to be done. Pigments mixed easily; the subtlest colors came without thought; brushes obeyed his lightest touch. Other men struggled for years to find the right pigments, and when they thought they had succeeded, weary hours were spent in trying to compel certain color combinations which would not come, yet to Andrea these things came without thought, without struggle.

"I do what many dream of, all their lives,
Dream?—Strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive—You don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that."

Conscious power! "I do what many dream of." Dream! nay, they strive and agonize to do. "You don't know how the others strive." It is impossible to conceive the effort, the anguish, the heart-rending struggle of some souls to accomplish what to them is ideal, and yet what to others, to the Andrea del Sartos, comes so easily. And in that fact the truly humble masters exclaim with him:

"I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine."

Yes! he knew that it was aspiration, longing, soul's desire that counted. A quarter-farthing rushlight kept as fully aflame as possible was more worthy in the great master artist's eyes than a two-penny candle guttered and flaring with charred wick. His hand was that of a "forthright craftsman," but its pulse was low. It is the high pulse that counts, the throbbing brain, the anxious, reaching-out heart, the straining nerves.

How goes it, brother craftsman of today? Are you a "low-pulsed forthright craftsman," content with your own achievements; self contented in the admiring gratulations of those who do not know what you feel they ought to know? Are you resting upon something found made, instead of reaching out, even though it be through "acts uncouth," to something higher and better? Rest assured if you are of the self-contented class you will never know the joy of soaring heavenward.

Poor Andrea could see that:

"Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me.
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world."

Ah, yes! The striving soul enters heaven, even though its achievement be small. God measures by effort, not accomplishment. For:

"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days?"

"What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me."

Andrea knew that though his "works were nearer heaven," he "sat here."

And where was the joy of having his works approach heaven if he himself were tied down to earth? The artist is greater and of more importance than the art. It is *he* that should be in heaven, or going thitherwards, through his art, and not his art soaring higher than himself.

Then that cry of passionate admiration for the "sudden blood" of the striving artists:

"The sudden blood of these men! at a word—
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too."

They live intensely, fiercely, furiously. A word of either praise or blame stirs the blood to frenzy. That is life! That is to abound in life! Oh, for the quick, living, pulsing blood, the pouring stream that flows, flows swift, fast, strong.

Andrea knew the difference between them and himself:

"I, painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
Or their praise either."

But he lacked the fire, the life, the all-abounding vigor and aspiration that stir the soul to its deepest depths and make its highest flights possible. He could do what he desired, what he willed, but was that enough?

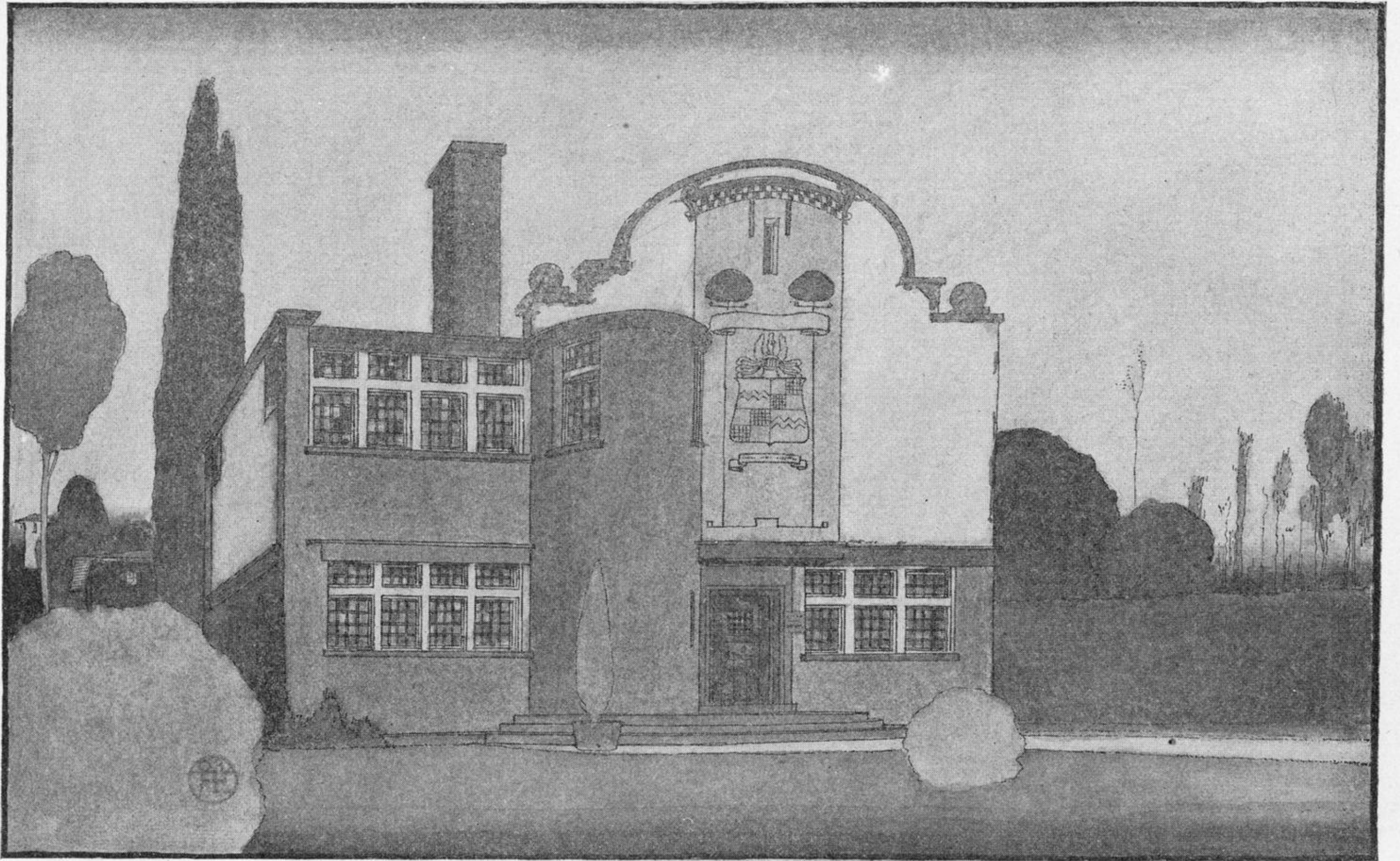
"Ah! but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

Then read his mournful criticism of his fellow painter's work. In technique imperfect, in detail faulty, it yet possessed the greatest quality of all. As Andrea could see, this imperfect draughtsman "poured his soul out that heaven might so replenish him." An arm here is wrongly put, the body is wrongly drawn, but,—and here is the important point,—*the soul is right.*

"He means right—that, a child may understand."

Andrea could alter the arm and make the body's lines perfect, but "all the play, the insight and the stretch," the passion and the creative power were not in him. Poor Andrea! And that power comes alone of love. Love, love, love, love is the moving, the creative, the godlike power.

To the Artist and Craftsman, Browning should ever be an inspiration. His three poems, Andrea del Sarto, Abt Vogler and Rabbi Ben Ezra should be, by them, learned by heart and recited daily. Like a cold bath to the body they tone up the nerves of the soul, quicken the inner pulses and stimulate them to higher endeavors, and more god-like achievements.



A note of color

A NOTE OF COLOR

HARVEY ELLIS

THE design for a house of moderate cost, submitted by The Craftsman for November, is intended simply to advance certain ideas as to the use of color, as color, on the exterior of buildings and, as well, to suggest the desirability of the "sun-parlor" in the houses of this class.

It is intended that the house shall be built of "run of the kiln" stock brick. Upon this brick foundation will be placed, in the usual manner, with expanded metal lath, etc., an outer covering of cement, to be later described. The roof is of tin, painted black, while the exterior wood-work is white.

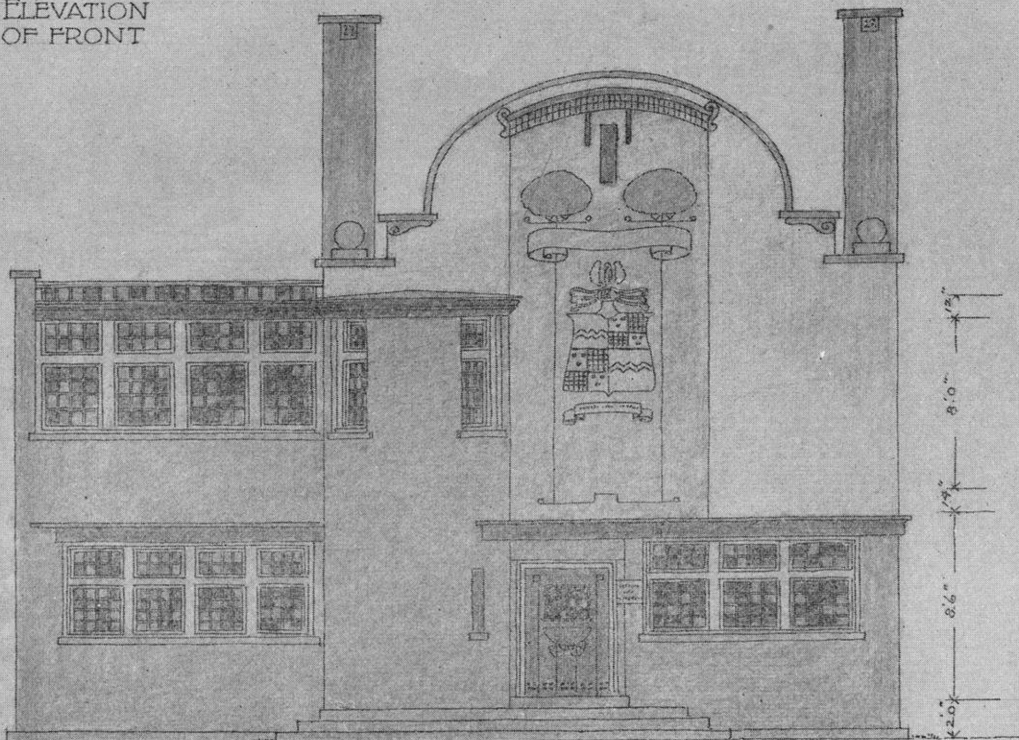
At the time of the Renascence, form was thought to be the chief requisite, and the monotonous gray and yellow structures built from the sixteenth century down to the present time, while interesting as studies in proportion and formal composition, have little more vitality than the skeleton of a mastodon. In fact, were it not for the accumulation of the grime which has found lodgment in the recesses of the carvings and mouldings, most of them would be no more interesting to the average observer than a problem in Euclid.

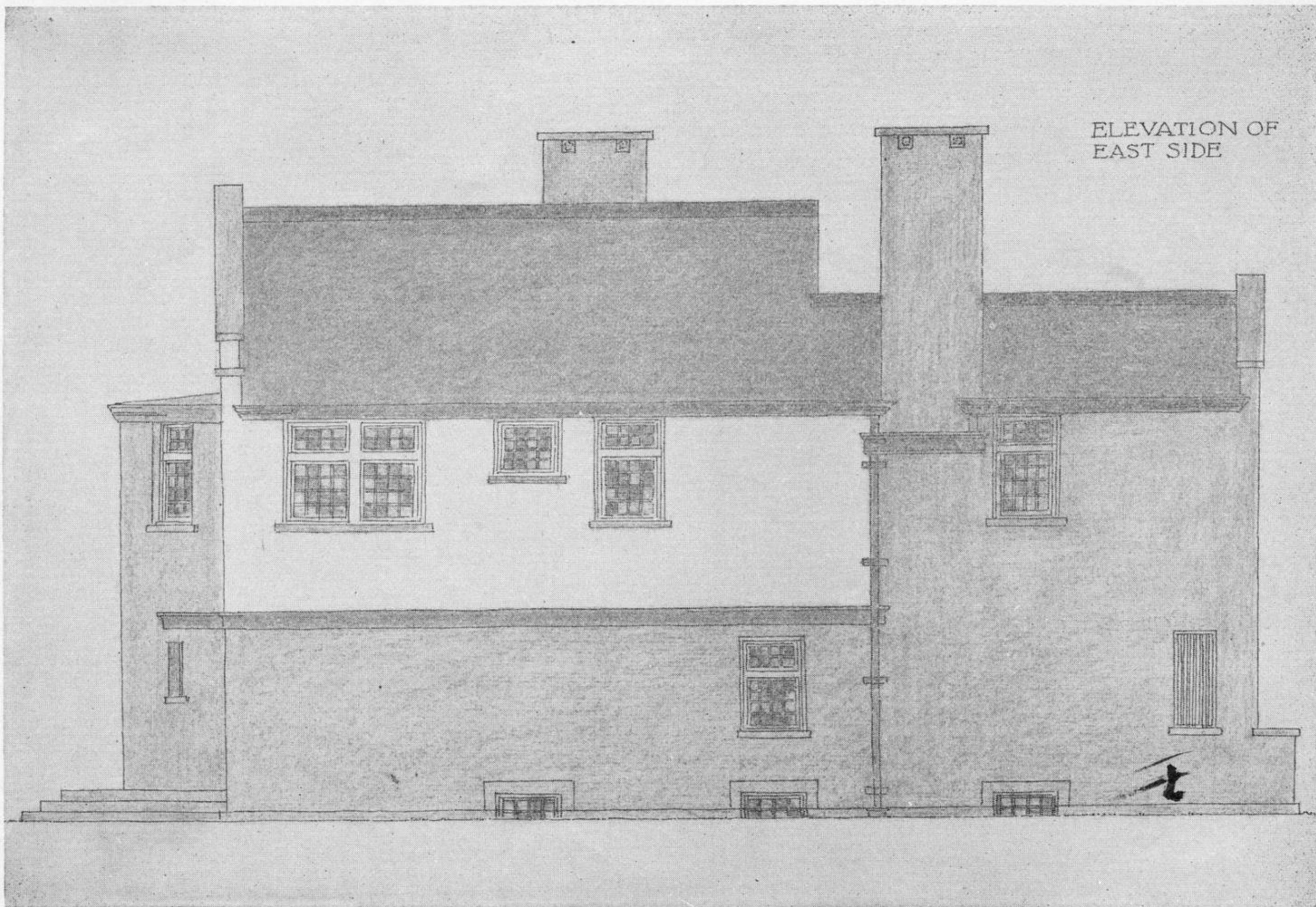
In a half-hearted way, the men of the Victorian Gothic revival attempted the use of color in their works, but the result was too tentative to be taken with serious consideration; since these architects lacked the calculated audacity of the Arab designers, who, combining the pure primary colors in small quantities, produced decorative results, refined, harmonious and glowing.

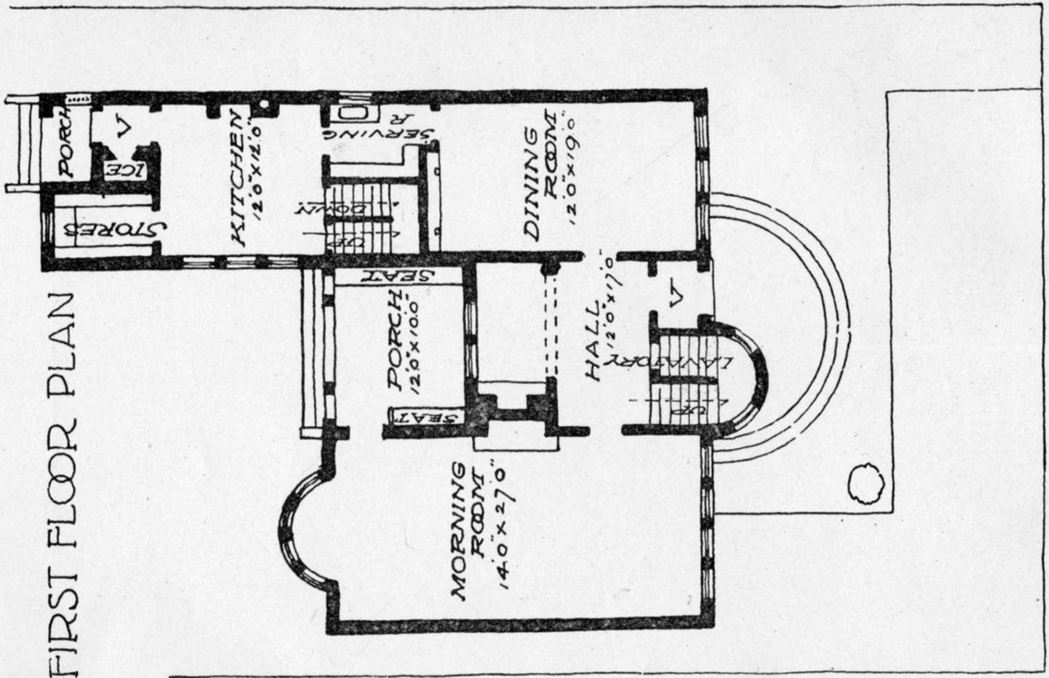
The element of cost is, of course, a serious consideration in domestic work, and the methods of color decoration, just mentioned, would, for this reason at least, be practically prohibited in our own country.

In the design here presented, an effort has been made to plan a house of moderate cost, which shall have an adequate amount of coloration evolved from the materials themselves, and attained without any extra expense, save that which is the accompaniment of thoughtful study.

It will be discovered by the careful student that the Arab designers distinguished sharply between exterior and interior schemes of decoration: the interiors being literally embroidered with all-over patterns of exceeding intricacy, done with complementary colors in their pure state. These interiors, owing to climatic conditions, as far as chiaroscuro is concerned, are in a state of half tone, and this fact, together with the smallness of the particles of pure color, and their close proximity, causes them literally to mix in the eye: a condition absolutely impossible in this climate, where the marked preponderance of gray days makes anything like the deliberate planning of colors impossible, save at sufficient distance for the atmosphere to lend assistance; nor is it possible to accept for ourselves the strong white, vivid reds and raw greens, which, in warm climates, are brought to a


ELEVATION
OF FRONT
12"
8'0"
1'4"
8'6"
2'0"


ELEVATION OF
EAST SIDE

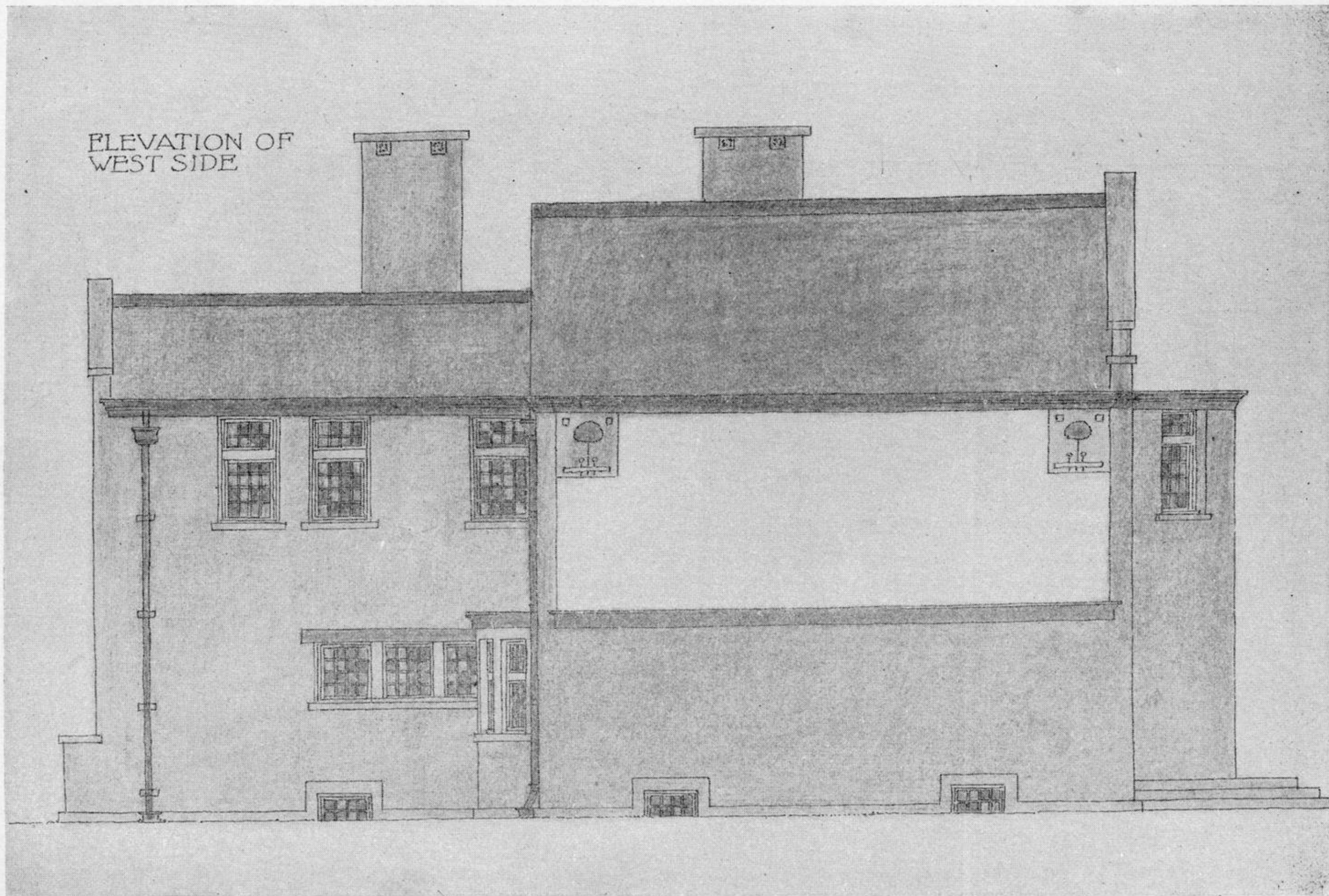


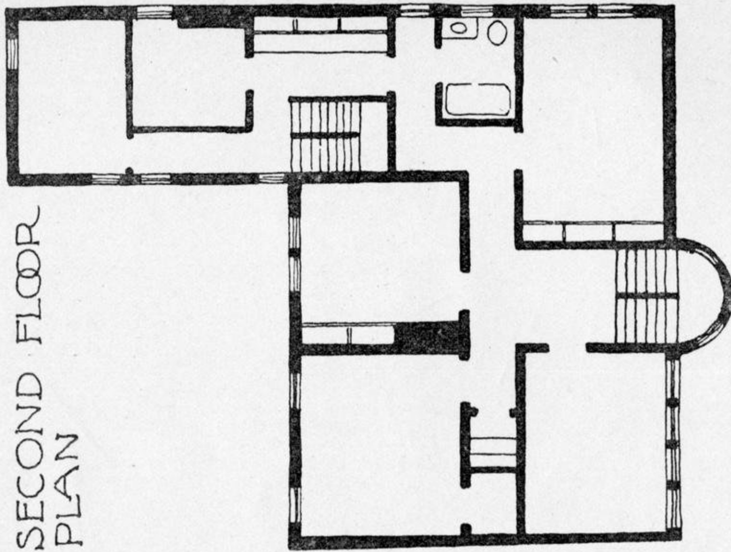
harmonious whole by the color-destroying qualities of brilliant sunshine. We shall find aid in our problem in the simple, restrained color schemes found in the better Japanese color prints. Here we have colors of the utmost subtlety combined frankly with that delicate appreciation of the intimate relations of tones which is the despair of the Occidental decorator.

Therefore, acting upon the suggestions of these inspired workmen, let us study the simple materials at our command.

Cement, in its various brands, possesses, within a limited range, colors which may be modified or accentuated, as desired, by the aid of earth colors, such as yellow ochre, burnt sienna, raw umber, and kindred pigments; excepting, of course, the modifications due to the light and dark arrangements of the elevations.

Let there be applied on the darkest portions of the rough brick skeleton, a cement which, having been lowered to a half tone with raw umber, produces a full olive brown. Those parts which show white in the drawings are covered with pure La Farge cement, which, when set, gives a fine, creamy white. Imbedded in this latter, on the front, is a combination cement inlay in *sgraffitto* work, not at all difficult of execution by the ordinary mason, and absolutely permanent when completed. The body of this decoration is of pale yellow ochre. When it is set and thoroughly hard, the design is pounced on the same from the cartoon and afterward deeply traced with a chisel. That portion of the design which has the conventional tree-tops is removed and replaced by a sage green cement; while the deeply incised lines are filled with a cement darkened heavily


ELEVATION OF
WEST SIDE

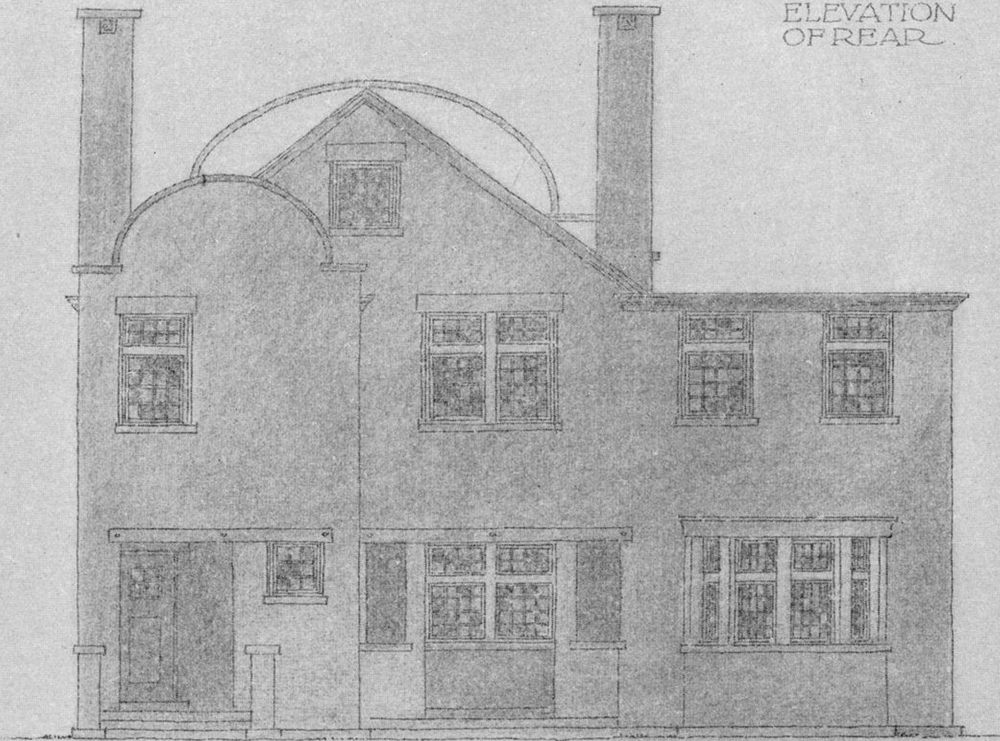


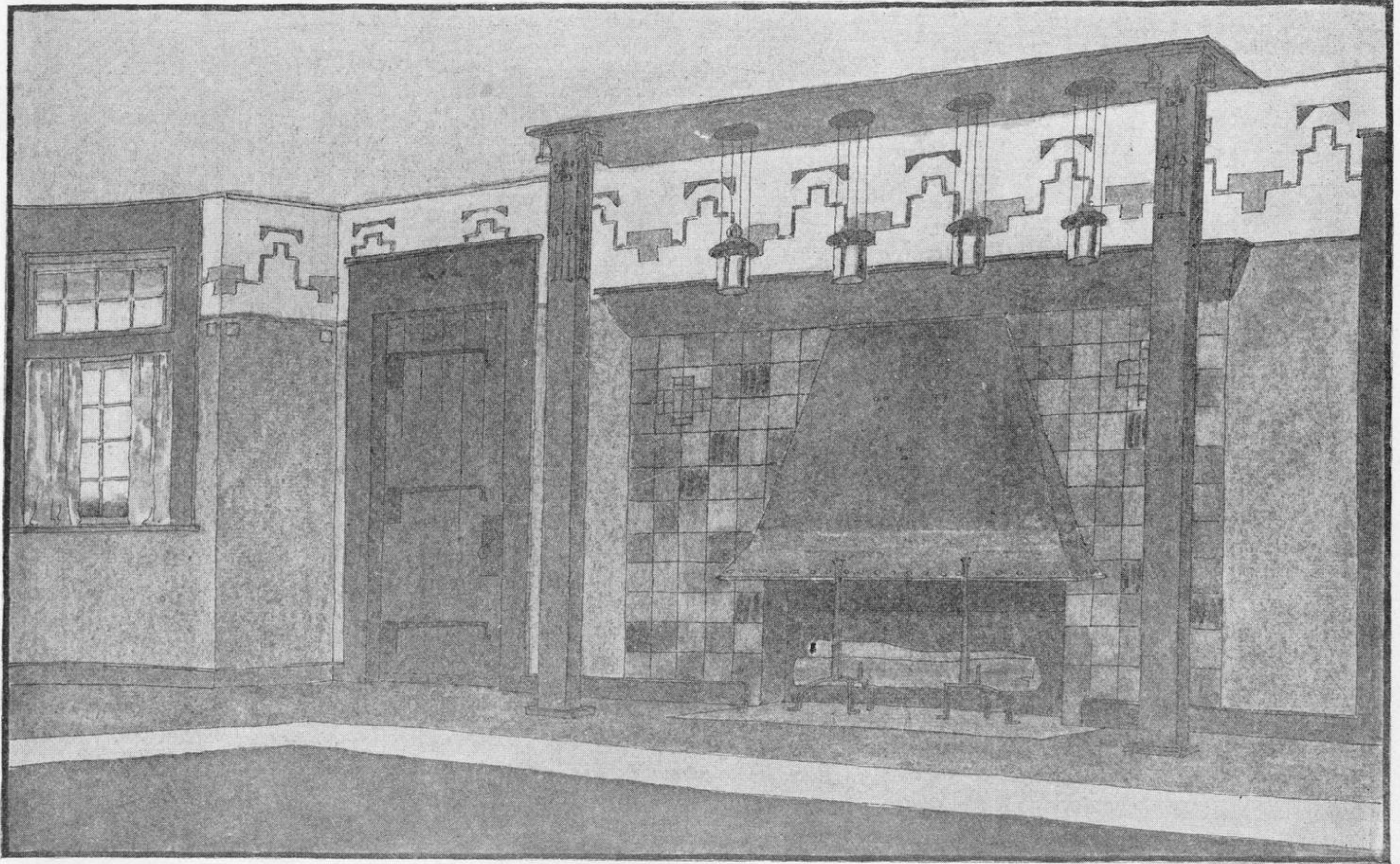
with lampblack in order to insure a strong outline. The gamut of warm tones is now well begun, but it lacks a note of orange and a cool color to give value to the harmony, which, while pleasant enough in itself, needs the vitality to be gained only by opposition. An examination of the design indicates the front door as the focal point for the orange note; which is supplied by a copper sheathing with repoussé ornamentation. This, with the foundation, steps, front door frame, copings, window caps, etc., in Hudson River blue stone, or its equivalent, completes the chord of color.

The interior, as an inspection of the plans will show, is absolutely simple and strictly conforms to the requirements of usefulness and economy.

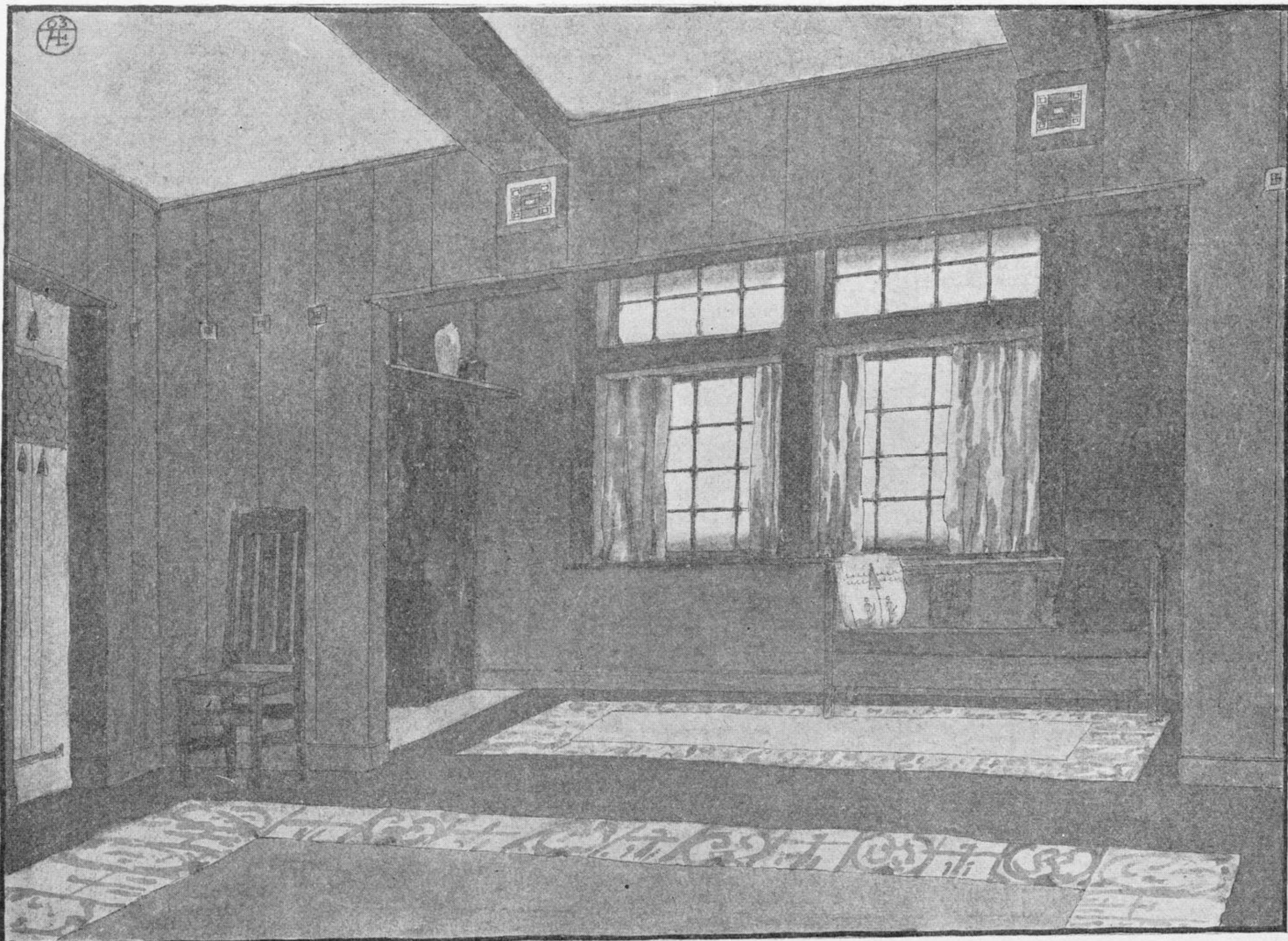
The house is entered at the center, with the main staircase located in front and flanking the front door. Directly opposite is the reception alcove with a fire-place, and on the left of the hall the morning room, which is more than ordinarily important for a residence of this size. This room has for its purely decorative feature a frieze of *motifs* adapted from the symbolic ornament of the North American Indians. It is formed of asbestos tiles in shades of dull blue, sage green and lemon yellow. The walls of the room, up to the frieze, are covered with Craftsman canvas of pomegranate shade. The facing of the large fire-place is also of asbestos tiles in varying shades of deep French blue and moss green. Here the woodwork, as also in the hall and dining-room, is of fumed oak; the design of the floor, with the modifications incident to the different dimensions, being illustrated in another portion of the present issue of The Craftsman. The ceiling of this room is finished with plaster with the color of pale lemon yellow.

The hall is treated with extreme simplicity, being wainscoted to the ceiling with wide boards of fumed oak, having vertical semi-beaded joints. The ceiling is beamed, with yellow "butcher's paper" carefully

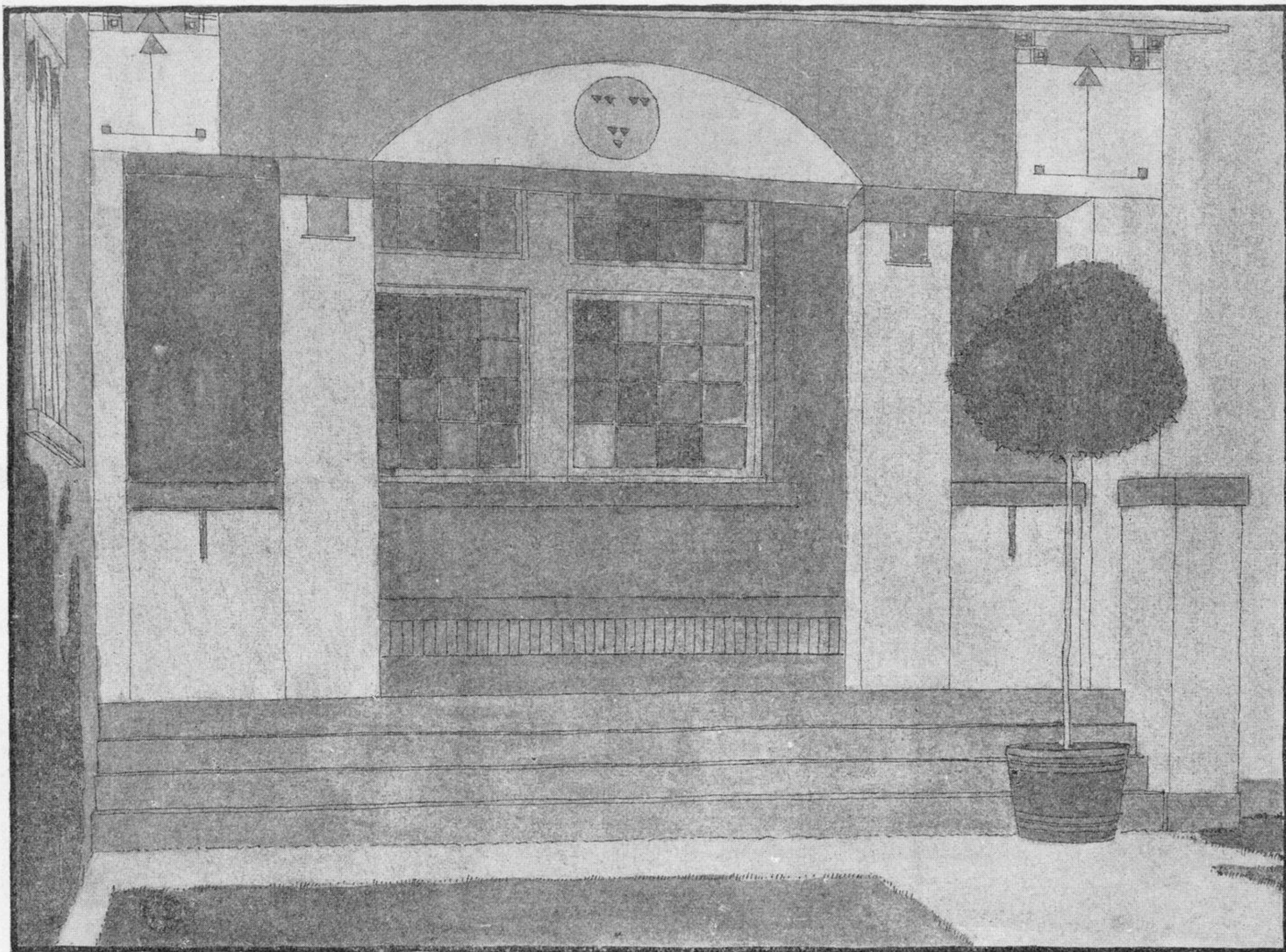

ELEVATION
OF REAR



The living room



Reception alcove from hall



Garden front

butt-jointed between the same, while the floor is of ebonized cherry.

The walls of the dining-room are covered with sand-finished, orange-colored plaster, and decorated at irregular intervals with Craftsman tapestries of varying sizes, illustrating episodes in the life of Sir Gawain, the Green Knight. The ceiling is paneled with wooden beams and is tinted in pale tones of green and old rose, while the floor is of brown fumed oak.

The kitchen and its dependencies are finished in Georgia pine, with the exception of the floors, which are of hard maple, and stained with Prussian blue to the color known as moss-green.

The decoration of the entrance hall is continued up the staircase, and through the hall on the second floor. The bed-rooms, bath-room, etc., are finished in ash, having a warm olive tone; the walls being covered with sand-finished plaster, stained with shellac, tempered with such pigments as may be desired, according to the location of the room. The attic, which is not illustrated, contains a large store-room and an additional servant's bed-room.

The "sun-parlor," located, for privacy, in the second story, has, as shown, a front and a roof of glass: that of the roof being hammered, and constructed in the manner usual and proper for sky-lights, and provided with proper drainage.

The interior walls are finished in Harvard brick; pale yellow for the body of the walls and with a pattern in brown and black for a frieze. The floor is laid in large cement tiles (fourteen by fourteen inches) with two and one-quarter inch joint between: the latter filled with ordinary hard burnt red brick, split lengthwise and set on edge. The glazing of the front of the "sun-parlor" is so adjusted as to be removable in warm weather, by which device the space is converted into a quasi roof-garden. This makes it practicable to dispense with the too intimate front porch, which is not only objectionable from an aesthetic point of view, but, in many respects, a positive affront to the passerby.

I NOW REQUIRE THIS OF ALL PICTURES, THAT THEY DOMESTICATE ME, NOT THAT THEY DAZZLE ME. PICTURES MUST NOT BE TOO PICTURESQUE. NOTHING ASTONISHES MEN SO MUCH AS COMMON SENSE AND PLAIN DEALING. ALL GREAT ACTIONS HAVE BEEN SIMPLE, AND ALL GREAT PICTURES ARE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

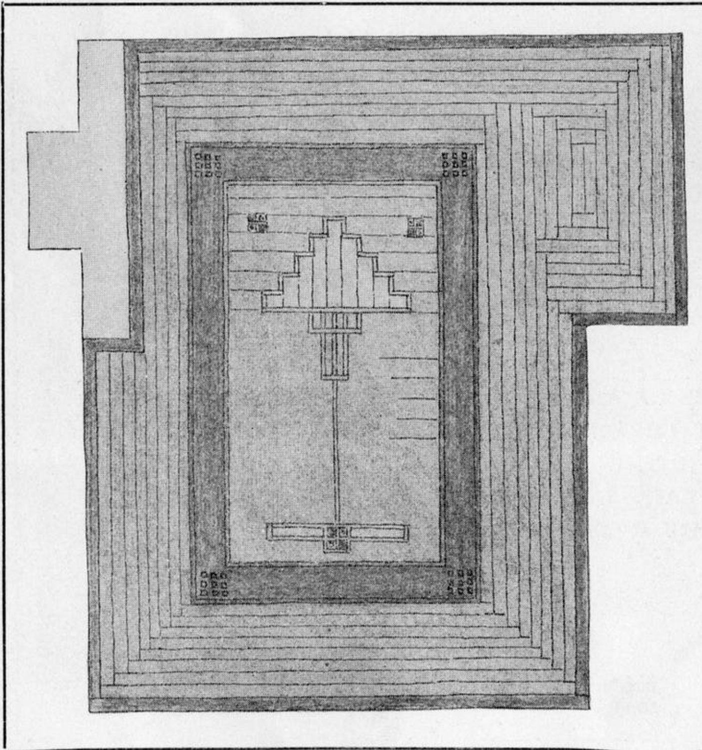
HARDWOOD FLOORS

PROBABLY the most abused institution in connection with building operations is the hardwood floor. While other portions of the building are given thought, care, and personal design, the hardwood floor is selected in a perfunctory manner from one, or possibly two catalogues issued by makers of hardwood floors; thereby putting it in the same category with stock mantel-pieces, pressed mouldings and like abominations that flood the land to the utter destruction of the individuality of the average home.

It would seem that the floor, which is as important from the structural point of view as the ceiling, and more often seen, should be treated with a certain amount of courtesy by the designer. The architect, or whosoever lays out the structure, approaches the design of the ceiling with more or less reverence and invests fully as much thought on this portion of the structure as on any other.

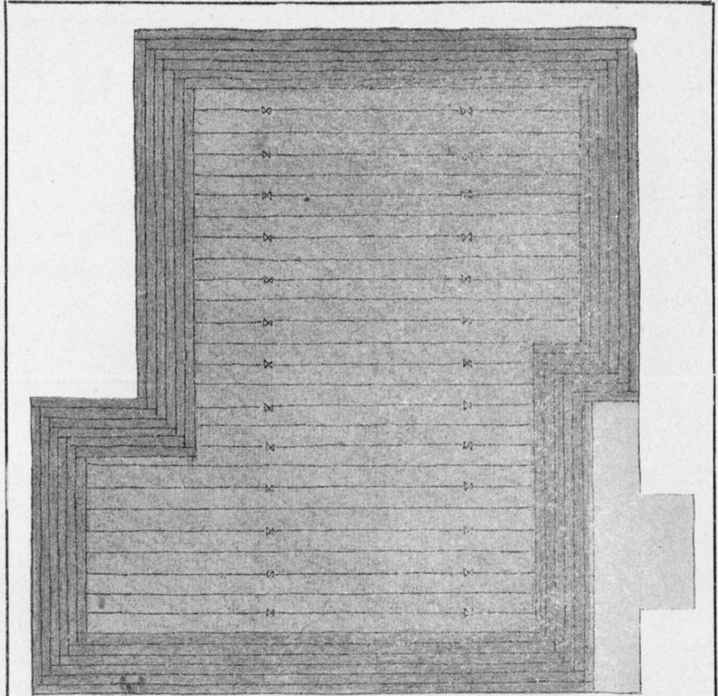
The ordinary hardwood floor seems to bear no more relation to the room in which it is placed than so much oil-cloth or linoleum, which indeed it very much resembles, although the oil-cloth is usually much better in design than the stock floor.

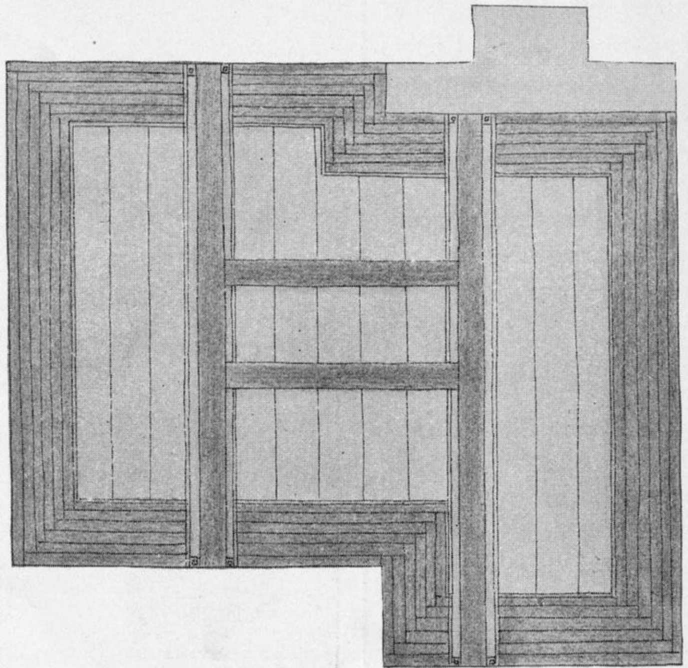
In the making of these floors the person who is responsible for them seems to be in a delightful state of uncertainty as to whether they are a structural element of the house or simply a wooden mosaic, and with this uncertainty in mind attempts to ride the two horses going in opposite directions, with the usual distressing result.



The hardwood floor is, of course, in the properly constructed building, laid on top of a sub-floor of a cheaper material, as a support, thus indicating at once that the superimposed is a wood mosaic pure and simple, or, if the term is more pleasing, a wooden rug. Accepting this fact,

why then are not wood floors designed, as rugs would be, with a definitely considered pattern that shall take into consideration the materials in which it is made, as you would consider the wool in the rug, instead of putting down an absolutely meaningless border, lifted without any too much intelligence from, it may be, the Saracenic or Renascence motives, and put down, without rhyme or reason, in a house that is trying honestly to be itself without regard to precedent or styles, thus ruining any claim that the building may advance to possess style.





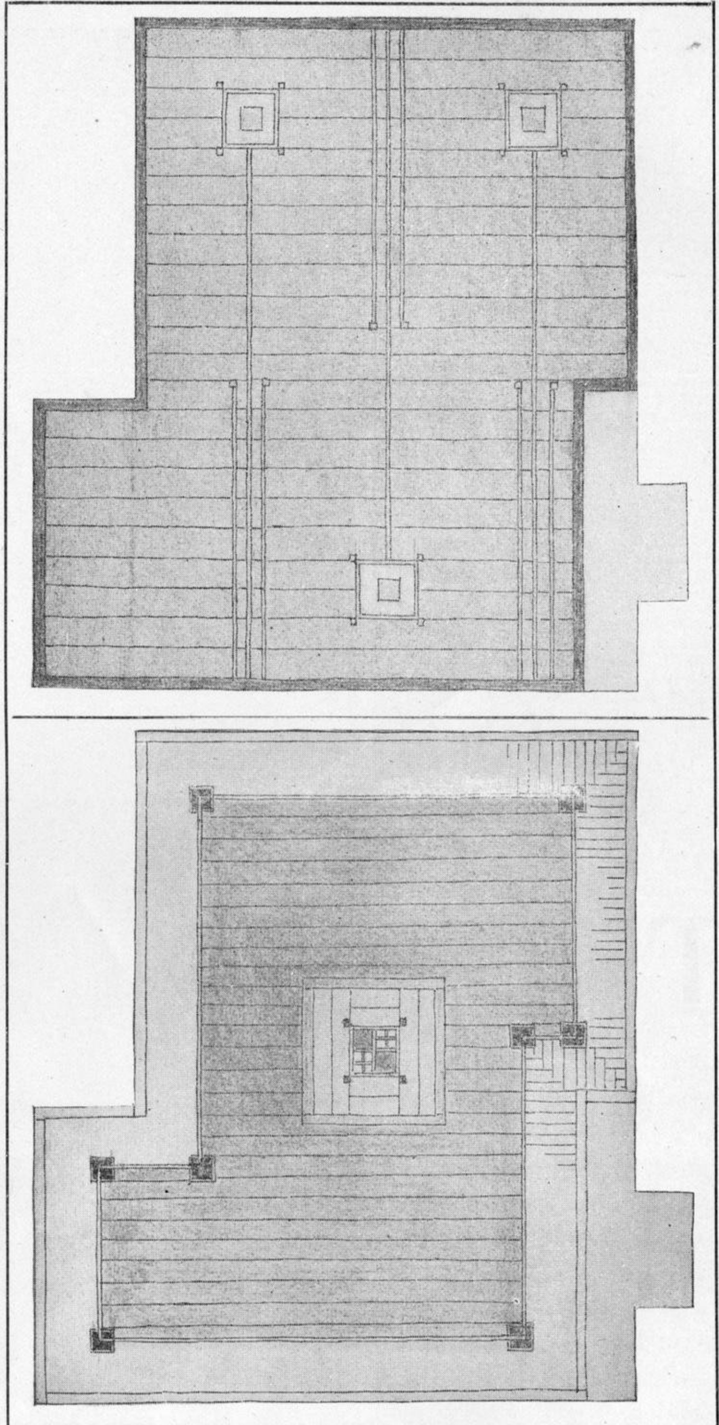
With these thoughts in mind the accompanying designs are presented, which are the products of the Craftsman Shops, and are, so far as the pattern is concerned, self-explanatory. These designs have been invariably reproduced in ash, oak or cherry, the latter being used only where the floor is ebonized, as is the case in the last design reproduced in this article. This particular pattern has some features which entitle it to especial mention.

The floor boards, which are twelve inches in width, are of cherry, ebonized, and have between them strips of whitewood three-quarters of an inch in width; and at each end of every other board is a panel, as indicated by the drawing, made up of cherry and whitewood.

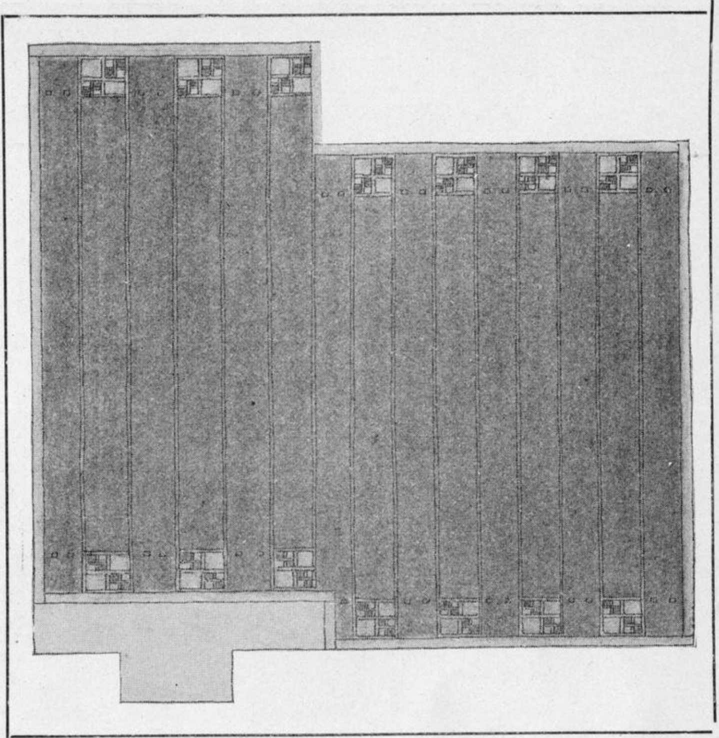
The whitewood is left in its natural state, and the result is extremely attractive, in spite of the seeming audacity of the combination. The problem presented by the finish of the same is, however, considerably more complicated and demands careful attention.

The usual methods of preparing hardwood floors involves generally the use of varnishes or wax, both calling for constant care to preserve anything like their ordinary states; both are slippery and difficult to walk upon and, when new, offensively brilliant, and when worn, offensively dull.

The floors illustrated in this article are first treated with an application of twenty-six proof ammonia, thereby giving them the desired shade of color, which is known as fumed; the name obviously being



derived from the pungent gas given off by the ammonia. Upon this is placed shellac, treated in such a manner that while the shellac retains the protective qualities of a hard varnish, the surface is absolutely matt and has no more polish than the surface of an egg shell. This finish, which is peculiar to the Craftsman Shops, has the merit of being easily and quickly applied and absolutely permanent, as well as requiring no weekly polishing or other of the heartrending operations incident to the care of the usual hardwood floor.

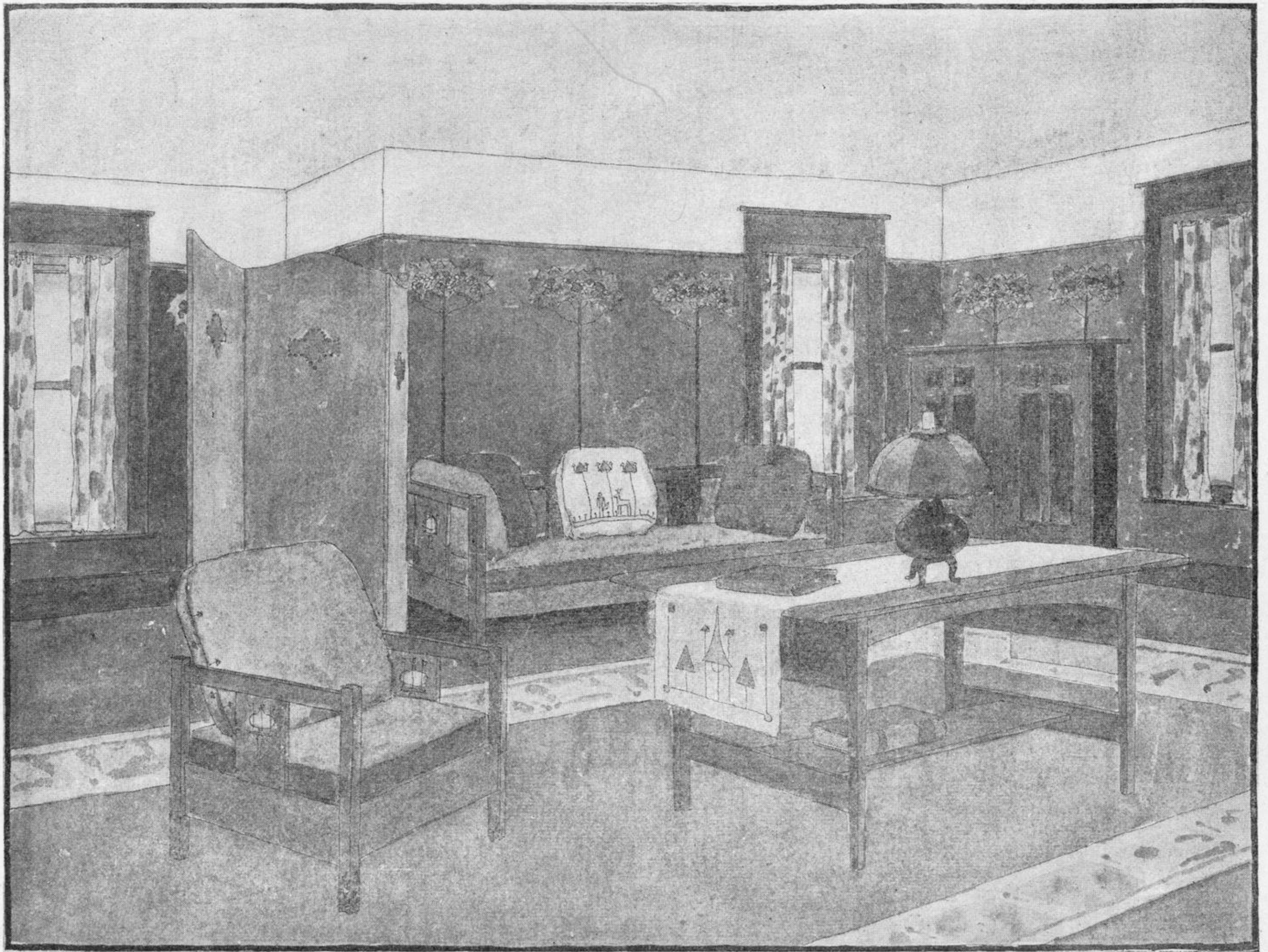


WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH AN ORDINARY ROOM

THE scheme of decoration and furnishing herewith illustrated is a solution of a problem presented to The Craftsman within the recent month. The room in itself, minus the decoration, is the ordinary, average room found in the average houses that abound in every city. The walls are the usual lime putty hard finish plaster; the ceiling of the same, and the floors of Georgia pine.

In connection with the prime consideration of the decoration of the room was intimately related the factor of economy. Having this in mind, the walls, up to the bottom of the frieze, were covered with cartridge paper of a half-tone green, upon which was outlined and stenciled a formal floral pattern of considerable dignity. The leafage of this pattern is of blue inclining to purple, with lemon yellow flowers and dull burnt orange stems; all vigorously outlined in dark brown.

The ceiling was tinted upon the hard finish, a pale, somewhat warm-toned gray, and the floor was of Georgia pine, stained to a rich warm brown. The casings and base board, which had formerly been painted a not too agreeable shade of gray, were



What may be done with an ordinary room

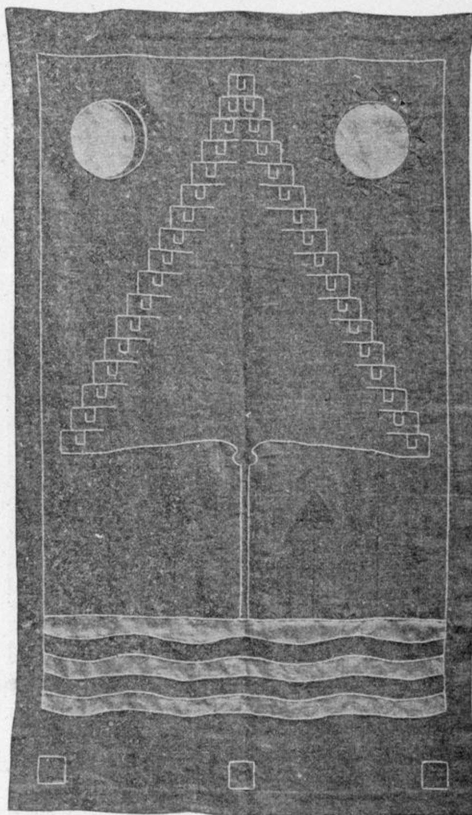
replaced with facings of the same design, of Georgia pine, and treated in a manner identical with the floor.

Upon light brass rods the window openings are draped with China silk in delicate shades of English red, turquoise blue and a pale tawny yellow. This scheme of color is continued in the Albee rug, with a body of subdued yellow and a border of cool tones of blue and green. These varying colors are brought together and focused in the Craftsman pillows, shown in the design, which are of hues of pomegranate, pale tan, purple and blue. The furniture of the room, which consists of a bookcase, settle, three chairs and a table, is finished in fumed oak, which harmonizes most admirably with the rest of the woodwork. The screen of Craftsman canvas, and the lamp of brass are also productions of the Craftsman Shops. The result, while produced with extreme economy, is most satisfactory and is recommended to the careful attention and study of the readers of this magazine as an example of what may be done in a rather commonplace room by the exercise of trained judgment and a practical knowledge of the relationship between fabrics, furniture and fixtures.

CRAFTSMAN CANVAS PORTIERES

LOVERS of primitive simplicity in household decoration find a charm in the pillows, covers and hangings that are being designed and made in the Craftsman Workshops. Three unique designs for pillows appeared in the September Craftsman.

This month we present illustrations of two pairs of portières that are very effec-



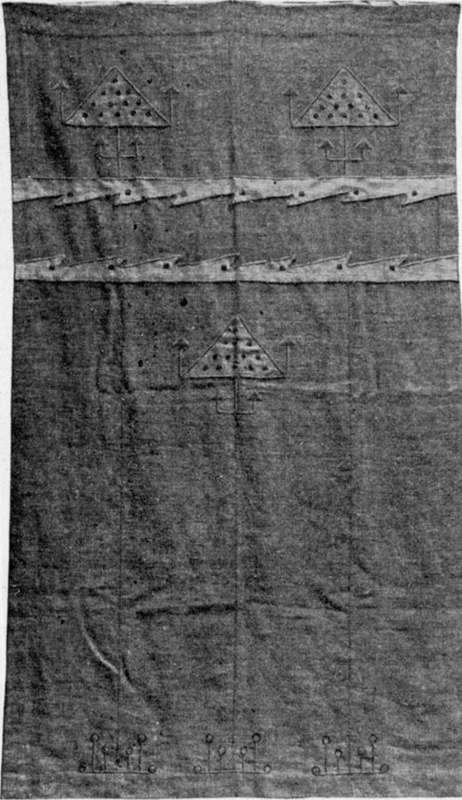
tive in the quaint symbolism of their pattern, and the skilful blending of their colors. They are made entirely by hand, and could easily be reproduced in the home.

The pictures fail to tell the story of the soft, firm, pliable fabrics, in exquisite warm colorings and soft dull half-tones. Neither do they suggest the durability that is a point of merit in these Craftsman canvases.

The patterns are in the spirit of the art of the Pueblo Indian tribes, as shown in their basketry and pottery.

The pine-tree curtain—whose primitive *motif* is described by the designer as "a

glorification of the pine-tree"—is made of Craftsman canvas in the soft red shade



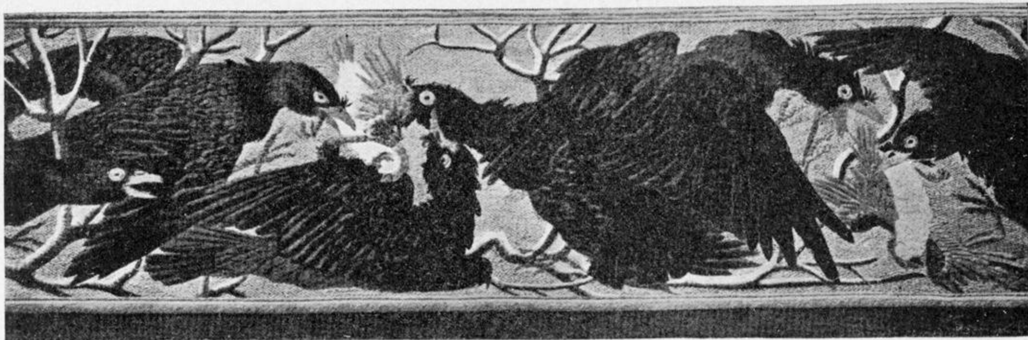
known as pomegranate. The wavy bands —suggesting water—and the sun and moon are in appliqué; the water being in old blue, the sun in natural canvas, and the moon in old blue with dull green crescent shadow. The pine-trees are embroidered in olive green linen floss. The large pine-tree outline, which seems to unify the whole pattern, is worked in natural floss. All other outlines are in natural floss, except the edge and rays of the sun, which are clear yellow, and the small figures above the water and inside the little squares, which are olive green.

The other portière, embroidered in mountain-ash design, has a gray green canvas for its foundation—a soft, cool, willow shade. The outlines are all traced in dull yellow green, as are the little trees. The large tree symbols are appliqué, of canvas in a greenish blue; and the warm crimson of the clusters of berries strikes a note of rich color that gratifies the eye with a pleasing sense of contrast. The jagged bands, a conventionalized cloud effect, are of natural canvas, appliqué, and their tiny squares and the round berries near the bottom of the curtain are worked in the crimson floss.

The berries embroidered in clusters on the dull blue trees are done in French knots; all the rest of the needlework is in simple outline stitch.

TOO PREVALENT IS THE CONVICTION THAT GOOD ART DOES NOT DO SO VERY MUCH GOOD, AND THAT BAD ART DOES NOT DO SO VERY MUCH HARM. THE EXCELLENCE AND VERITY OF ART, NEXT TO MORALS, IS THE HUMAN SOUL'S SALVATION.

GEORGE W. CABLE



Decorative border, Winter

A BELGIAN DECORATIVE ARTIST: MADAME DE RUDDER

With a preface and translated from the French by IRENE SARGENT

THE CRAFTSMAN for October presented illustrations of the racial art of the Russians, which was seen to be barbaric—as one might say, elemental,—vigorous, full of accent, and characterized by a passion for crude color. From such a study it is interesting to turn to a wholly opposite evidence of the aesthetic sense, as shown by a typical representative of a people of high civilization and old artistic culture; by one in whom are revived the qualities which produced the civic splendor of the Low Countries. The Belgian needlewoman, whose work is about to be discussed, received her genius from heredity, and her inspiration from her environment; while her patience is the very same as that which animated the old craftsmen of the teeming, laborious cities of the Netherlands, who wrought when art was still religion; who diligently fought and repaired the inroads of the sea, and disputed the soil of the Fatherland, inch by inch, with the Spanish usurper.

It is hopeful thus to note among widely differing peoples the renewal of their early and strong characteristics. It is a sign that their old spirit which marked them off from other groups and nations, and created their distinctive life, is now rising, like sap in springtime, to produce new blossoms and fruit.

So judged, the work of Mme. de Rudder becomes for us simply the latest stage in a characteristic art which is the outcome of the guild-system and of many other deeply-concealed causes which exist in the Flemish nature, like hidden rivers flowing beneath the streets of a populous town.

In the Middle Ages, the production of textiles made the Low Countries famous and rich; while their geographical position

facilitated the disposal of their finished fabrics. For hundreds of years the patient weavers went on perfecting their craft, until in the sixteenth century, the wars of religion stretched an iron hand over the Catholic provinces, and the gossiping looms of Antwerp and Ghent lapsed into deathlike silence. But there had been no decay or degeneracy in the craft. The memory of the skill attained by such expenditure of time, energy and intelligence, remained with the people as an inspiration. The guild-spirit, which, at its best, was an unremitting effort toward perfection, lived on in the masterpieces which it had produced in both the fine and the industrial arts.

These facts will account for the technical perfection which characterizes the Flemish, or rather Belgian textiles of to-day. Their artistic qualities proceed from equally remote and equally vital causes. The love of beautiful stuffs was developed among the Flemings by their early commercial relations with Italy and the East. The eyes of the people living in an atmosphere of mists and clouds, found intense pleasure in sumptuous color, while the gradations of tone were not lost upon these sensitive organs, as upon the Italians living in an atmosphere suffused with light and therefore destructive of local color. The aesthetic sense of the Flemings has shown itself as persistent as their manual skill, and both are evidenced to a high degree in the personality and work of the Belgian needlewoman who stands as the first representative of her craft in the modern world, while she has devised, invented and improved, until none who have preceded, can be compared with her. She is a typical child of her country, one of whose cities, Arras, gave its name to decorative tapestry, and sent out from its looms the translations into textiles of the great cartoons of Raphael. Her art is appreciated by her countrymen, and her works are received into the places which

Prudence: Province House, Ghent

"There was a shepherdess"

they best deserve and decorate. In the revival of civic pride and municipal beauty at present sweeping through the old Flemish provinces, now constituted into the kingdom of Belgium, Mme. de Rudder is recognized as an important factor. Her tapestries adorn the Town Hall of Brussels and the Province House of Ghent, recalling the old racial art of Flanders, but adding thereto the modern spirit which shows the touch of the creative genius.

The work of this artist has been effectively studied by M. Verneuil, and it is his appreciation which we offer, adapted from the original French, in which it appeared in the September issue of *Art et Décoration.*

It is seldom that an artist really worthy of the name: that is, one who, having acquired a solid and deep knowledge of the art of drawing, painting or sculpture, resigns himself to produce decoration, before having attempted what the world at large calls "grand art."

Few persons feel spontaneously the charms of applied art; few apprehend the pleasures that it procures for its fervent disciples. Almost all, on the contrary, dazzled by the brilliant, but all too rare glories of painting or sculpture, burn their wings at this splendid but deceptive torch, only to return disillusionized to an art worthy nevertheless of attracting them before all others.

For this reason we should honor those enthusiasts who understand without experience the high mission of the decorator; who are able to enjoy the simple pleasures of industrial art. Among such must be placed Madame de Rudder, who has restored the beautiful art of embroidery and has equaled by her work the finest pieces as yet produced.

This artist has already had a busy and successful, although short career, upon which it may be well to cast a rapid glance. Her first studies were pursued in a professional school at Brussels, in conjunction with private lessons in drawing and paint-

"In the moonlight"

Decorative border: Autumn

ing received by her from Mlle. Maria de Rudder, herself the pupil of her own brother, the well known Belgian sculptor. But no idea of utilizing her acquirements had entered the mind of the young girl, when she married the brother of her instructor, and thus became Mme. de Rudder. The newly married artists at once felt the charm of collaboration, but it was only after a period of indirect efforts that their real vocation was discovered.

These first attempts were simple embroideries designed to decorate furniture: chairs and similar pieces; such, although interesting, did not yet promise the artistic development which was to follow these still timid efforts. But the thought came to the needlewoman that what she did for flowers she might accomplish for a figure or a head. In this new departure she was successful, and her path opened before her.

At that time, she wished to prepare a significant gift for M. Courtens, the Belgian painter, who, at the Paris Exposition of 1889, had won the medal of honor by his picture, entitled: "The Rain of Gold," an allegory of autumn and of the fall of the leaves. Mme. de Rudder therefore chose a similar subject, and embroidered a rain of flowers in a scheme of sumptuous color. The recipient of the gift, M. Courtens, was most enthusiastic over the result of the work, and strongly counselled the sculptor and his wife to follow the way which so auspiciously opened before them: the way which, being followed, led to the splendid accomplishments which are here to be described.

The first example of this collaboration was shown at the exhibition of the association *Pour l'Art*, held in 1894. It was a panel entitled: "Eagle and Swan;" the design being embroidered upon an effective fabric as a background. The same piece was afterward seen at the Secessionist Exposition, at Vienna, and there purchased by an amateur of reputation. Pieces of the same character quickly followed one another; originality and merit increasing, as is too seldom the case, with the number of the works produced.

Resolutely attacking difficulties before which less courageous workers would have retired, Mme. de Rudder composed a screen from the subject of the "Fates," which, like the story of Penelope and the fable of Arachne, is one of the most appropriate in the whole range of literature for treatment in needlework. In the execution of this screen the artist used, for the first time, a

Embroidered panel: Spring

method which she has since largely employed. In her panel of the "Eagle and Swan," she had simply embroidered the decorative *motif* upon a fabric background; but in the "Fates" screen she enlarged the possibilities of her effects by an *appliqué* of stuffs differing in texture. For the draperies of the goddesses, she chose old Flemish, French, and Italian silks, certain of which being torn, she was forced to supplement through the addition of decorative *motifs:* these hiding the defects of the fabrics, and, at the same time, creating a new resource for the needlewoman, who had thus at her disposal three methods: embroidery upon a simple background; fabric applied upon fabric; and supplementary embroidery upon the fabric applied.

The screen of the Fates, finished in 1896, was exhibited at the Artists' Club of Brussels, where it attracted the attention of M. Buls, then burgomaster of the city, who recognized at once the possibilities of the artist and of her new methods. He therefore commissioned her to provide the decoration for the Marriage Hall of the great Municipal Building. In consequence, Mme. de Rudder and her husband executed in collaboration, during the year 1896, a charming work which honors not only the artists who conceived and executed it, but also the official whose discrimination caused it to be created.

This period was for Mme. de Rudder a time of constant, rapid, almost feverish production. Almost simultaneously with the commission for the Town Hall of Brussels, she received from M. Van Yssendyck, architect of the Province House of Ghent, the order to design and embroider six large allegorical panels. These works represent: Wisdom under the guise of a modernized Minerva, bearing an olive branch; Justice holding a thistle and the symbols of the Law; Eloquence crowned with roses and with a lyre in her hand; Force bending a branch of oak; Truth with a cornucopia and holly.

These six panels are remarkable for the subtile decorative sentiment evident throughout the composition, as well as for their perfect execution. The three methods: *appliqué*, simple embroidery, and embroidery upon the *appliqué*, alternated at the will of the executant, concur in a singularly harmonious effect. But it is noticeable that, contrary to the scheme followed in the "Fates," all the flesh parts are here embroidered.

From time to time, the artist sought relief from the fatigue resulting from her great commissions, by composing small panels, which bear the same relation to her serious work that light comedy bears to the drama. Among such may be mentioned a cat, which is a marvel of patient, artistic embroidery, together with a number of little scenes illustrating folk-songs and nursery rhymes, like "There was a shepherdess," "In the moonlight," and "We shall go to the forest no more."

Finally, as a last trial of incessant activity, the artist executed for the Congo Free State, eight large panels destined to decorate a hall in the Brussels Exposition.

These panels, now in the Museum at Tervueren, Belgium, are most interesting. Measuring two and one-half metres in height, by one and one-fifth in width, they are executed in pure *appliqué*, with outline embroidery. They are typical exhibition pieces, very interesting as such, in both composition and execution. They

Embroidered panel: Summer

represent the triumph of civilization over barbarism. The nude and the negro are originally treated, and certain panels,—as for example the one typifying fetish-worship—are singular and striking.

At the conclusion of this effort, Mme. de Rudder resolved to make a farther step in advance by attempting great works of decoration, by producing things never before accomplished by needlewomen. Choosing the Seasons as a theme, she designed four panels, each two metres in height, by three in width, to finish which she devoted seven years of close labor; working as always in companionship with her husband, but in this case even in closer artistic sympathy with him. These panels constitute the most decisive work of the artistic pair, who gave their best efforts to arrange a new treatment of an old theme. They thus produced compositions of great originality, which form a complete poem, a cycle of human life. In these compositions all is carefully considered; no element or detail results from chance, and much is emblematic.

Of the four panels, all here illustrated, the first two completed, Spring and Summer, were shown at the Turin Exposition of 1902.

The panel of Spring is a picture of youth. In a smiling landscape, amid banks of flowers, children play, dance, sing and crown themselves with blossoms. A sister just verging upon womanhood, holds a child frightened by the play of a young goat, while superb white swans are swimming among tall iris plants. Such is the central composition, brilliant with highlights. This is enclosed by a wide border, which is in itself a pastoral poem, like an eclogue of Theocritus or Virgil. The upper part of the border displays the signs of the zodiac framed in lilies of the valley; swallows, the symbols of bright days to come, are seen in flight, while other birds are making their nests. The vertical bands of the frame are formed by decorative arrangements of flowers; the lower part, scattered with lotus-blossoms, suggests the spring-tide appearance of the streams and ponds.

In the panel entitled Summer, the color grows warmer. Harvesters reap the grain. Youths are bathing; a fair, young shepherd tells his love to his shepherdess, amid the tall flowers, and with his dog at his feet. The animal is a marvel of color and needlework. But the same might be said of the whole panel. The flowers so perfectly studied—lilies, clematis, thistles, sun-flowers, daisies, poppies,—as well as all other details, reveal a patient observation of nature, as also a truthful and decorative interpretation of the objects represented. The same general scheme is continued in the border. Wheat-ears and daisies frame the signs of the zodiac at the top, while hops and eglantine roses form the side bands; the base showing seaweed, fish, crabs, frogs and turtles, as symbols of aquatic life.

The panel of Autumn is, perhaps, the most successful of the series. A young mother nurses her infant, while a larger child plays with clusters of grapes hanging from a trellis, upon which rests a superb peacock. Opposite the peacock and balancing it in color and richness of embroidery, there is a magnificent study of still life: pheasants and wild boars, hares and ducks, recalling the spoils of the hunt, are rendered in a range and beauty of coloring

Embroidered panel: Autumn

which are remarkable, effective and sumptuous. In the border, fruits with birds pecking at them, surround the astronomical emblems of the months; squirrels play among ash and medlar trees; a flight of wild geese traverses the reeds.

The panel of Winter is an interior scene. Two old people are seated by the fireside. A sheaf of chrysanthemums sounds a note of color in one corner of the composition. A young child, the symbol of renewed existence, offers to her grandmother a branch of mistletoe. The grandfather, nearer the fire, is somnolent, as typical of slowly wasting life: thus contrasting with the child whose buoyancy is restrained by the sign of silence made by the grandmother. Through the windows, a snowy landscape, delicate and soft, is admirably rendered. The signs of the zodiac are here joined with poppies symbolizing the sleep of Nature. Ivy and pine, as the only plants whose verdure resists the cold, are introduced with bats, in suspended animation, hanging to their branches. Below, treated as a frieze, crows and a large bird of prey are disputing over the mutilated bodies of small birds.

Like the panel of Autumn, that of Winter contains a deep symbolism, which is as worthy to be studied as the decorative effects produced by the embroidery. It may be said that throughout the work, inspiration and execution go hand in hand and are worthy the one of the other. These two essentials combine to make a strong, important piece, clearly conceived and splendidly executed. The two artists labored together as brain and hand, in perfect understanding, although here the executant was fully endowed with creative faculties.

Simultaneously with these four panels, Mme. de Rudder embroidered for a rich amateur a screen of one and one-fifth metres in height, by seventy centimetres in breadth. This work, fine in color and execution, represents Penelope undoing at night the web wrought by her during the day. The robe of green, the tawny hue of the hunting dog, the metallic effects of the lamp from which issue three jets of bright flame, unite in a color-scheme most pleasing and beautiful, although much simpler than that belonging to the panels of the Seasons.

Such are the latest works of the great Belgian needlewoman who has surpassed all her European predecessors. She has also, in certain points, excelled the masters of her art in Japan; for while the latter seem now to seek fineness of execution, even to the injury of artistic sentiment, Mme. de Rudder, although complete mistress of a flexible, beautiful, powerful execution, exercises her accomplishments only to produce works worthy of a true artist: decorative, versatile and subtile. She should be congratulated for the possession of genius. She should receive gratitude for having revived and carried forward to new successes a beautiful and useful art.

[Editor's Note.—It is interesting to note in the work of Mme. de Rudder a point of difference which sharply distinguishes the European from the American artist. That is: her versatility, her evident desire to lay aside, at certain moments, her graver studies, in order to treat the lightest and most childish themes, which she renders with a characteristic spirit and grace. She pictures the heroes of village fairs and nursery tales with the same devotion that she evidences in her representations of the Cardinal

Embroidered panel: Winter

Virtues intended to decorate some splendid town-hall of her native country. She has that simplicity, that joyousness of mood, which keeps the men and women of the continent young, long after the mature American has lost the power to smile and to be amused. Among the illustrations here presented of allegorical and sentimental subjects treated in large, two small embroidered pictures are introduced. They do not strike a false note among their more ambitious companions. They serve the same purpose as the bright bit of comedy which illuminates the sombre grandeur of the Shakspearian drama. One of these subjects, illustrating the old French nursery song: *Il était une bergère*, has also been treated by that inimitable painter of children, Boutet de Monvel, in a series of the drollest possible pictures, which tell the story of the shepherdess and her prying cat. But as the verses which so amuse French children and even their parents, are not widely known in America, the picture will be better understood if the characters of the little tale be fully described. So, in explanation, a paraphase of the song is here given, with the unavoidable loss of the rhyming syllables which form the most amusing feature of the French original:

There was a shepherd maid
  Who fed her lambs and sheep
In wood and cool green glade,
  On hill-side, rough and steep.

She milked her patient ewes
  And made curds rich of taste:
She sought no drop to lose,
  No morsel small to waste.

The cat, with roguish air,
  Watched shepherdess and curd;
Though seeming not to care
  For aught he saw and heard.

The maid said: "If you steal
  Your paw toward that fair dish,
Your back my stick shall feel,
  Until for death you wish."

The cat put not his paw
  The savory dish within:
He tried to keep the law
  By thrusting in his chin.

The maid then angry grew,
  She cried: "Take that and that!"
Till with her stick she slew
  Her naughty pussy-cat.

The other small picture is a scene from the story of Harlequin (or Pierrot) and Colombine, two of the more pathetic characters of the village-fair repertory. In this Mme. de Rudder has chosen to emphasize the comic element, to give the heavy, Low Country features and forms to the lovers; so differing from certain French illustrators and poets who have made real tragedy out of these humblest and poorest of elements. She thus acknowledges a view of life taken in a laborious country, in which melancholy, born of idleness, is an almost unknown evil.

FROM MERTON ABBEY TO OLD DEERFIELD

JANE PRATT

WILLIAM MORRIS, poet, socialist, craftsman, dreamed many dreams; also, he had a magic gift for making dreams come true.

In the year 1881, when he was forty-eight years old, he bought some disused print-works on the little river Wandle in Surrey, only seven miles from London, and set up there the Merton Abbey Works. Here formerly Merton Abbey had stood; nothing remained of it then except a bit of crumbling wall. But when Morris brought his looms and frames from London and put them into the long, low buildings beside the mill pond, the spirit of the Middle Ages, the Middle Ages of the poet's imagination, settled down over this quiet enclosure among the trees.

It was to mediæval times that Morris and his associates looked for inspiration. Ruskin had pointed out the way to them, and he had not preached in vain; here at Merton Abbey was craftsmanship joined with art and workmen happy in their work. Instead of tall chimneys belching smoke, there were poplars and willows hiding the buildings from the road; instead of the rumble and roar of pitiless machines there was the sociable whir of hand-looms and the song of the birds; instead of dust and unwholesome fumes, there were fresh air, sunshine, and the odor of the flowers in the old-fashioned garden; instead of pale workmen, deadened, yet alert, each one chained to his great monster of a machine, there were ruddy-faced men and girls interested in what they were doing, and seeing the beautiful fabrics grow under their hands with a sort of personal affection.

When William Morris moved his manufactures from London to Merton Abbey, the business was already well established, and a circular sent out at the time recounted that the firm was prepared to furnish painted glass windows, arras tapestry, carpets, embroidery, tiles, furniture, printed cotton goods, paper hangings, figured woven stuffs, and furniture velvets and cloths.

Burne-Jones, Morris's dearest friend from Oxford days, painted the cartoons for the stained glass windows; but little furniture was made, and that not from Morris's designs; it was to the embroidery, the carpets, the tapestry, the figured cloths and the wall-papers that he gave most personal attention.

And personal attention meant a great deal to William Morris. "One secret of the excellence of Morris's own designs," says his biographer, "was that he never designed anything which he did not know how to produce with his own hands. He had mastered the arts of dyeing and weaving before he began to produce designs for dyed and woven stuffs to be made in his

Deerfield workers in "blue and white" embroidery

workshops." When he was reviving the use of the old vegetable dyes,—"I myself have dyed wool by the self-same process that the Mosaical dyers used," he said. His hands were constantly in the vats and discolored accordingly. "I am dyeing, I am dyeing, I am dyeing," shouted the burly, sea-faring looking man to a friend come to see him at the factory.

Color was a sort of passion with him, good, pure, permanent color. The faded blues and sage-greens of his earlier period were by no means his ideals, they were only the best he could get at the time. "If you want dirt," he raged to a customer who was talking about subdued shades, "you can find that in the street." Each new color he courted like a lover. "The setting of the blue-vat," he wrote in his essay on dyeing, "is a ticklish job, and requires, I should say, more experience than any other dyeing process."

"There was a peculiar beauty in his dyeing," says a Mrs. Holiday, one of the most skilful of his pupils in embroidery, "that no one else in modern times has ever attained to. He actually did create new colors; then, his amethysts and golds and greens were different from anything I have ever seen; he used to get a marvellous play of color into them. The amethyst had flushings of red; and his gold (one special sort), when spread out in the large rich hanks, looked like a sunset sky. When he got an unusually fine piece of color he would send it off to me or keep it for me; when he ceased to dye with his own hands I soon felt the difference. The colors themselves became perfectly level and had a monotonous, prosy look; the very lustre of the silk was less beautiful. When I complained, he said: 'Yes, they have grown too clever at it—of course, it means they don't love color, or they wouldn't do it.'"

It was just the same when he became interested in weaving. He had a loom set up in his bedroom and often began weaving as early as four o'clock in the morning. In making the designs for his Hammersmith carpets, he first made a drawing, which he carefully colored himself. One of his assistants then enlarged this design on "point paper," each point representing a single knot of the carpet. This point paper was at first laboriously made by Mr. Morris himself, but he gradually trained men to do it for him.

The history of his revival of the almost lost art of tapestry weaving is another romance of the work-shop, and not the least interesting of the sights to the visitor at Merton Abbey Works were the looms bearing these pictured splendors.

The pattern-stamping rooms showed a different process. Here his famous chintzes,—the cotton being clamped down on long tables,—were stamped with a hand-block on which the design was cut, and velvets and other fabrics were similarly treated. Elsewhere, the hand-painted wall papers were decorated.

The productions of this socialist, this friend of the poor, were expensive, and their decorations were rich and lavish, yet nobody decried more than he an accumulation of senseless superfluities. "Have nothing in your houses," he said, "that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful". His taste in furniture was for solidity, straight lines, and great simplicity.

Deerfield art exhibit of 1901

An old-fashioned country kitchen he could admire; the foolish bric-a-brac of an ordinary drawing-room he despised.

Most of all he insisted, as did others of the Pre-Raphaelites, that the true root of all arts lay in the handicrafts, and that a great art could never grow up in a country whose workmen were mere machines, unhappy drudges. Meanwhile, as a step toward making craftsmen artists, as well as for the delight and the good of the doing, the artists turned craftsmen. The result was the formation of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, which held its first exhibition in London in the autumn of 1888. Ever since that time, there has been an increasing interest in England and here in America in societies of Arts and Crafts, so-called, for the production of household decorations of good design and of hand workmanship.

One old town especially, Deerfield in Western Massachusetts, has done most excellent service in this revival of the old arts. But Deerfield was not a frontier town in the sixteen hundreds, and old at the time of the Revolution, for nothing; nor does it neglect to draw conclusions from the reminders of this history shown in its Memorial Hall. Deerfield is no blind follower of Mediæval Italians or English Pre-Raphaelites. As Ruskin and Morris liked to talk of that wonderful Thirteenth Century, when men loved their work and took pride in it, so the Deerfield embroiderers and weavers feel themselves true descendants of the Colonial women, who, after their baking and brewing, their scouring and scrubbing, were glad to sit down in their great, clean, sunny, shining kitchens and study out some new design for a blue and white coverlet, or sew together long strips of carpet rags for which the butternut dye was already waiting.

Pleasure in their work? Of course they took pleasure in their work, the men and women of that old time. Those dry Puritans and the English High Churchman, the "idle singer of an empty day," were at one in that. They gloried in the work of their hands, those New Englanders. What jollifications they had at their "raisings," when the great timbers of their noble Colonial houses were hoisted into place. Husking bees in the autumn, quilting bees in the winter, sugaring-off in the spring: festivals of labor blossomed out all along their sober-colored year. And while recreation and labor were thus joined, labor and love, too, often went side by side. As somebody has said, it was before mother and daughter power was superseded by water and steam power. If the son were going away from home his mother and sisters, letting their grief but quicken their fingers, spun the thread and wove the cloth which was to make him a coat; the little girl worked samplers and pricked her poor little fingers sewing a fine shirt for her father, of which he and she were very proud.

Outside of the house, too, the country town had many industries in the days before the giant steam carried them all off to the cities. Deerfield now is the quietest of farming towns, but as late as the early part of the last century, it was a community of varied activity. We hear of brooms, hats, saddles, wagons and chaises, plows and cultivators, pewter buttons, bricks, gravestones, coffins, made here—and all made by hand, mind you; of cordwainers, tanners, curriers, blacksmiths,

Deerfield basket makers

wheelwrights, cabinet-makers, coopers, printers, book-binders, jewelers, watch-makers, who worked in Old Deerfield when nobody talked of art, but every man did his work well.

Then Deerfield was indeed a busy place. The boats came up the Connecticut and unloaded at Cheapside; the stage from Boston brought the latest traveller and the latest news. The old Academy, when founded in 1799, attracted young life from all the country round, and the older generation lacked not dignity and wit to keep up with the liveliest. So, with busy hands and with busy minds they lived and found life good.

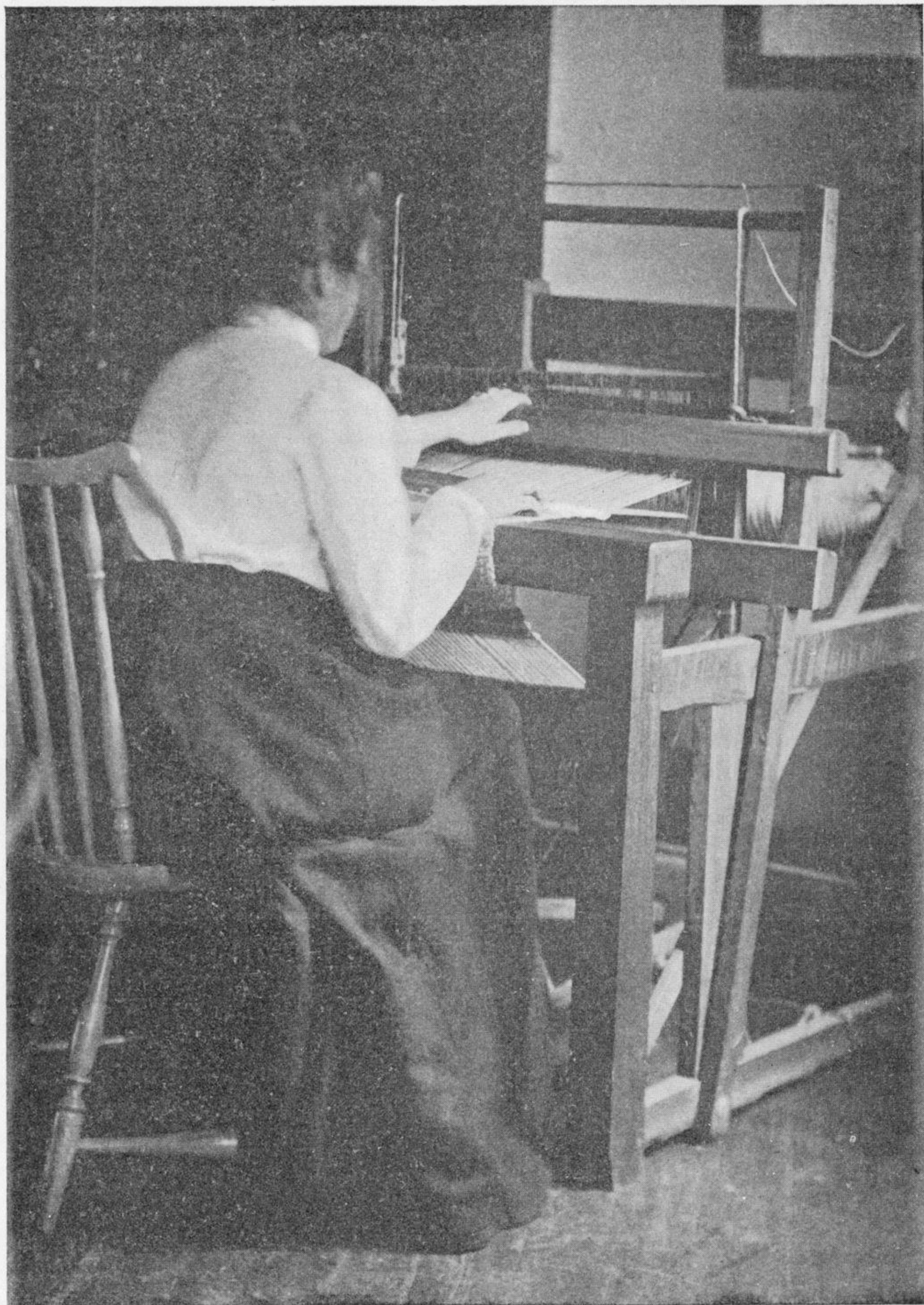
But the century which saw the great industrial revolution and the development of the Western States, made a great change in Deerfield, as it did in many another country town. Cheapside stands no longer at the head of navigation on the Connecticut. Deerfield's fat cattle are no longer famous in the Boston markets. Its prosperous farmers no longer rank as river gods. Its many old industries have departed.

The Deerfield of to-day is loved of artists and other clever folk, some of whom have bought and restored old houses standing hospitable under the elms. To this present day Deerfield, very quiet and just a little lonesome after the summer houses are closed and the summer people are gone, the new artistic crafts have been a real blessing.

It is always the little spark from outside which kindles the fire, the drifting pollen which best fertilizes the seed, and it was two adopted daughters of Deerfield, of modern artistic training, but of old New England stock, who started the Blue and White Society. Their idea found a fertile soil in which to grow.

Even before the formation of the Blue and White Society, indeed, a Deerfield lady had been for some time making rugs, for which strips of cloth were cut and woven as they were for the old rag carpet, only with greater care, and for which the colors were selected and combined with artistic taste. But the founders of the Blue and White Society, which aimed to revive the household embroideries of Colonial and later days, immediately began to employ young women of the village to execute its designs. The doilies, centre-pieces, table-covers, bed-spreads, and so forth, were, for the most part, of white linen embroidered with blue, but sometimes greater variety was allowed in the colors. With the Deerfield workers, too, as well as with their English predecessors, the methods of the old dyers are much studied, and Deerfield has furnished at least two enthusiasts in indigo, madder and fustic. An embroiderer for the Blue and White Society in its earlier days remembers how, it having been discovered that the color of the embroidery linen used in a large bedspread was not absolutely unfadable, every stitch so carefully put in was laboriously taken out. This is the spirit of the Deerfield industries.

In the old times, before the War, the girls of the Valley used to earn the money for a winter's tuition at the Academy by braiding palm-leaf hats. One of them who had never lost her fondness for the pretty old fancy-work, coming back to the town when it was in the fervor of its new work—not only were the rugs and the blue and white



A Deerfield loom

embroidery finding eager and appreciative purchasers, but Deerfield was counting as its own the marvellous, imaginative metal work done by the two friends who were of Boston and Chicago in the winter, and it had just been discovered by somebody that a Magyar hired man, a blacksmith who lived across the river, was more or less a genius in fashioning iron into beautiful forms—coming then into this vivid and eager atmosphere, she, who had been a girl in Deerfield before the War, found herself reviving the braiding of palm-leaf, only instead of hats, the new braiders made baskets and made them well in all sorts of forms. From this it was an easy step to the raffia baskets, in which some beautiful and original work has been done.

Since then there has been a class in Swedish weaving in town. But the Swedish weaving has been found to be just the old-fashioned New England weaving; so looms have been taken down from attics, and not only are rugs woven, but bedspreads, curtains, and table-covers, firm and good, are made on smaller looms, and colored, when they are colored, with natural dyes.

These are the main industries of Deerfield, though one lady makes a specialty of netting, another of embroidered card cases, not unlike the embroidered pocketbooks which they used to make there in old times, and two of the men of the town, inspired by the atmosphere of the place, have done some excellent cabinet work.

But for the most part, it is the women who carry on the new industries, and though, like those Colonial women of old, they are notable housewives, they find their new avocations most engrossing. Like the Mediæval craftsmen they have their guilds. Not only is there the Blue and White Society, but the rug makers have a society, and the basket makers have two associations: one for the workers in raffia and one for those in palm-leaf. Each of these societies carries on its dealings with the public according to its own rules.

As to the work, it is done at home in the pleasant old houses of the elm-shaded street, or in the adjoining villages. Every summer an exhibition is held, but winter and summer the Deerfield women seem always to be behind their orders. From California and Florida, from New York and Seattle, the orders come and keep coming: an evidence that, even in practical America, there is a very real and steady demand for good hand work.

Deerfield's crafts seem small and unimportant when compared with Morris's rich productions; yet Deerfield is sending all over the country beautiful things, each one breathing that indefinable odor of personality which makes Oriental wares so charming, and so is helping to bring back something of lost poetry to the earth.

ART for art's sake may be very fine, but art for progress is finer still. To dream of castles in Spain is well; to dream of Utopia is better . . . Some pure lovers of art . . . discard the formula "Art for Progress," the Beautiful Useful, fearing lest the useful should deform the beautiful. They tremble to see the drudge's hand attached to the muse's arm. They are solicitous for the sublime if it descends as far as to humanity. Ah! they are in error. The useful, far from circumscribing the sublime, enlarges it . . . Is Aurora less splendid, clad less in purple and emerald; suffers she any diminution of majesty and of radiant grace—because, foreseeing an insect's thirst, she carefully secretes in the flower the dewdrop needed by the bee?

—VICTOR HUGO

CHIPS FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOP

THE Craftsman, faithful to his prototype, Hans Sachs, sat the other day in his workshop, laboring hard at his piece in hand, and, at the same time, reasoning much of human life, when the sound of enthusiastic applause rose to him from the neighboring square.

There, a concourse of all sorts and conditions of men was listening to the first citizen of the United States. The President was not making the rostrum a focus of party-venom. He stood spiritually, as well as literally, above the heads of his hearers. He was not playing upon their passions with oratorical power, nor seeking to turn aside the sharp edge of their reasoning faculties by the parry and thrust of anecdote. He was not even dealing with the political questions of the passing hour. He did not speak of taxes and crops to the farmer, of tariff to the industrial and mercantile elements of his audience, of organization and methods to the party-leaders among the throng. He had indeed a word for all and each. But it was a collective message. He stood as one qualified by professed principles, by education, experience and right living, teaching those surrounding him the elements of nation-building.

In listening to him the citizen, the most pessimistic concerning the future of the country, could take heart; for, first of all, he could not doubt the sincerity of the man whose every word rang clear and true. Further than that, he could not regard the President, if judged by these same sincere words, as a prejudiced partisan, or even as a student of a special school of governmental science, warped by theories, and bound to maintain certain economic and social principles. Finally, if the pessimist were well informed in history, he could not do otherwise than recognize in the words of the simple, forceful speaker the condensed wisdom of all epochs and all schools of political thought, which had passed through the clear medium of a vigorous intellect. Here appeared no trace of the demagogue, fanatic, pedant. Instead, every concept was stamped with the sterling mark of truth. But it was truth of a practical nature, with no visionary quality. An Ideal Republic was certainly outlined by the President's words, but it was a modern state, thoroughly possible of construction, and if once built up, capable of long existence by reason of its vigor and purity.

It is unnecessary to say that there were scoffers in the throng: first, members of different social classes, united for the moment by party-spirit. Then, more to be condemned than the others, because they were not blinded by prejudice, came those whom a little learning had made dangerous; men of minds immature either by reason of youth, or of arrested development; for the most part, those for whom the college was not yet seen in the proper perspective; those who felt themselves far above the "mechanical" element of the concourse, and too wise to be taught by that simplicity of statement which they chose to call platitude. The representatives of this class commented: "The President says nothing new. He speaks to us as if we were children. His ideas can be summed up in what our nurses told us when we were yet in kilts: 'Be good, and you will be happy.' As adult thinkers we demand something stronger. We do not want a kind of mental Mellin's Food."

The injustice of such criticism can best be shown by direct quotation from the President's opinions, as he gave them that day, upon men and women, capitalists and laborers, legislation and government. Aphoristic sentences, worthy to be treasured in the minds of Americans, irrespective of class or condition, occurred at short intervals, throughout the discourse, and among these The Craftsman chose such as seemed most in accordance with his individual views of life and society. As a representative of the people, as one working hard for his maintenance, yet having a deep sense of the dignity of labor, he delighted in the following thought expressed in the homeliest of language:

"Our average fellow-citizen is a sane and healthy man, who believes in decency and has a wholesome mind."

This sentence, strong in itself, redoubled its meaning on the lips of the President, in his character of a former city official who abolished certain of the worst evils of metropolitan life. It showed him as belonging to that very small and infinitely valuable class, typified in Chaucer's "Poure Parsoun," whom the Father of English glorified, because: "first he wrought and afterward he taught." It was directly in accord with the ideal which he outlined when he characterized Jacob Riis as "the most useful citizen of New York;" afterward receiving from a Harvard professor, who failed to apprehend the manliness of the Roosevelt ideal, the criticism that this opinion was "a generous exaggeration." But is not such warmth of expression more praiseworthy than the indifference of the aristocrat? And what citizen-type, if judged by works alone, ought we to place before the journalist Riis, who was the means of providing a pure water-supply for the metropolis of America and of securing parks for its vicious quarters; who obtained by legislation light for dark tenements and thus destroyed the prolific breeding-places of vice and filth; who drove the bakeries with their fatal fires from tenement basements; who worked for the abolition of child-labor, and, when a law tending toward this end was enacted, compelled its enforcement? In view of these actions, was the estimate of President Roosevelt "a generous exaggeration," and is not the man who accomplished such great good, worthy to be honored, as a defender and preserver of the country and Constitution, equally with those types of different valor whose deeds are recorded in exquisite Latin on the frieze of the Memorial Hall at Harvard?

The simple, sane judgment of the President regarding the beneficent citizen was matched by his description of the types noxious to the State. Of these he said:

"The unscrupulous rich man who seeks to exploit and oppress those who are less well off, is in spirit not opposed to, but identical with, the unscrupulous poor man who desires to plunder and oppress those who are better off."

In this statement, The Craftsman, content with his own condition and station, found much to admire. First of all, here was a brief, clear explanation of the destructive nature of two opposing forces: oppression and revolution. Because so simple and brief, it was suited to the audience before whom it was given. It condensed into two score words a whole thesis against Nihilism or a volume upon the French Revolution. Far from being condemned for its simplicity of thought, for its homeliness of expression, it was to be honored because of these very qualities. For the simple things are the great things. They either come into being at the white heat of genius, and, so, are unified and indivisible; or they are slowly and carefully perfected, until everything foreign is eliminated and thought and expression, or thought and execution,—if the creation be a visible object,—are structurally and indissolubly united.

From these flawless descriptions of the nation-builder and the nation-destroyers the President passed on to the consideration of the family as the foundation of the State. At this point his treatment of the truth he wished to convey was as popular as in the previous instances, but it was equally enlightened and thoughtful. His words were these:

"The woman who has borne, and who has reared as they should be reared, a family of children, has, in the most emphatic manner, deserved well of the republic. Among the benefactors of the land her place must be with those who have done the best and the hardest work, whether as law-givers or as soldiers, whether in public or in private life."

This thought also contains a fund of sound economic principles. It is primitive truth borne out by the experience of the strongest and most highly civilized nations. As the critics of the President might urge, the statement contains nothing new, but as the conditions with which it deals will always affect society, so it will always have meaning and force. Beside, the words in which it is clothed have an attractiveness resulting from simplicity such as is found in the classics. For example, the expression: "the woman who has deserved well of the Republic," suggests the strong Roman matron whose virtues gleam with the white light of purity amid the rough iron and bronze of the citizen and warrior-character.

Again, according to the system of contrast which seemed to underlie the President's discourse, the useless and noxious elements of the State were paralleled with the constructive forces. The parasite the speaker denounced in these emphatic terms:

"There is no room in our healthy American life for the mere idler, for the man or the woman whose object it is, throughout life, to shirk the duties which life ought to bring."

In this sentence, as perhaps in no other of the whole argument, was displayed the heroic nature of the man who stood pleading for the highest good and development of his people. He spoke out of the fullness of personal observation. As the representative of the leisuristic class, he offered an example of energy, industry, self-sacrifice and enthusiasm, brilliant and rarely equalled: a type to be specially honored at a time when the tendency of the rich and cultured of our cities is to forsake America with its democratic institutions for the courts and the parasitic society of European capitals.

Joined with this denunciation of the idler there occurred another proof of the President's austerity of thought, refreshing and invigorating like a breath of wind from the sea. It was an utterance worthy of a modern Saint Francis; recognizing and honoring the first essential of human happiness, health and life, and so expressed that all might understand and take it to their hearts. It ran:

"No man needs sympathy because he has to work; because he has a burden to carry. Far and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing."

As these sentences fell upon his ear, The Craftsman rejoiced at the certainty that a new name had been added to the list of great presidents; that a worthy successor had arisen to the martyr who had malice toward none and charity for all.

THE FLOOD OF FICTION

THE annual flood of fiction has swept over the country. It began in the springtime with the patter of light leaves sent out by publishers well known and unknown. It grew more serious when the summer came, bringing the long vacation days. It increased in volume until midsummer, when literary landmarks were obliterated, and "all things became as one deep sea"—of romance.

At the present moment, we can record the subsidence of the waters. Solid literature lifts its head from the deluge, like another Mt. Ararat, and the first signs of fertility appear. The flood of fiction numbers its victims by thousands, and few there are who have escaped its crushing power; who have been prudent and foresighted enough to preserve the literary species which are necessary to the intellectual life and pleasure of the world, as Noah of Holy Writ once preserved the clean and the unclean types of animal existence.

The comparison between the midsummer flood of fiction and the Biblical deluge is no work of the idle imagination. It is justifiable and sane, by reason of the destroying power of each of the agents compared. Fiction, as it is now produced in enormous quantities and at rapid rates, is a real peril to the country; too subtle to be met by legislation, too well disguised to cause suspicion, and too attractive to be resisted by those whom it makes mad and destroys.

The last word "destroys" is not too strong a term. There is the fiction that teaches, uplifts, inspires. There is also the fiction that causes mental degeneracy and disease. In the latter class we are not now including the so-called "immoral" romances, which are often decried flippantly by persons incapable of gaining the point of view of a humanitarian author who would right some crying social wrong. We wish to consider merely those minor works of fiction, those "short stories," which are circulated by book clubs in the homes of the million, since they are regarded as fitted for "family reading." Mother and daughter indulge in them often to excess, while the college boy and even the father are not insensible to their allurements. This is the fiction which is a threatening evil; threatening to the producer, and doubly so to the consumer. The evil to the producer may be indicated by reference to a species of novels which has lately "increased and multiplied"—not to say swarmed. All these books have a common ancestor in Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," which was vitalized, full of invention and touched with a genius which atoned for extravagance and

inaccuracy. The imitations of this tale of adventure, according to an invariable law noted by critics of art and literature, exaggerated the defects of their model, while they, in no case, equaled the smallest of its merits. So, there ensued a succession of impossible tales like "Graustark," "Castle Craneycrow," and their relatives: notable only for their weak, servilely imitated plot and situations, for their personages without personality and for their stilted dialogue. In modeling themselves upon Anthony Hope, in making these copies of his clever romance, the imitators were dishonest to themselves; they killed whatever originality lay within them; they started upon a course from which, once they had entered it, they could not retire. The imitations continue, and the imitators, if judged by the fact of their admission to certain popular magazines, are reaping rich rewards in good coin of the commonwealth.

Originality is the life-force of every created thing. Were we to meet in our daily walk and conversation, numerous individuals with faces, voices, manners and thoughts closely resembling one another, how hateful would society become! Originality is the vital principle of the handicraft movement of to-day which decries—and justly—the machine and the copy; prizing the weak and lambent flame of life in the crudest original form of art above the most perfect and deceptive copy of a masterpiece. Originality in fictional literature is the only promise of life. It is the strength which resists what might be called the "children's diseases" of novelists, carrying a certain percentage of individuals onward to a period of maturity, while, all around, the "slaughter of the innocents," that is, of the weaklings, proceeds without stay or truce. For the producer of fiction originality is, therefore, nothing lower than the price of life, and no stretch of the imagination is required to foretell the end of four-score from every hundred of those whose names now compose the list of contributors to the American magazines of light literature.

For the consumer the perils of the deluge of fiction are even greater than for the producer. And these dangers are further increased, if the consumer be young and modestly conditioned. The midsummer issues of the magazines,—and this is true of the leaders as well as those of lesser importance,—were filled with novelettes provocative of false views of life. The sight of a young woman stretched at ease in a steamer or veranda chair, partaking with equal freedom of the contents of a thick *brochure* held in her hand, and of those of a heavy box of *bonbons* lying in her lap, was a sight to be greatly regretted. This consumer of sweets lay in double peril, and the dangers incurred by her mental powers of digestion and assimilation were more to be feared than the supernatural dreams and visions which might result from indulgence in a collection of dainties rivalling those enumerated by Keats in his Eve of St. Agnes.

It is easy to attack the summer-born fiction of the current year. It is vulnerable at the vital point, even though in many cases it stands "under the shadow of mighty names." And since it is more generous to aim at the strong than at the defenceless, let us select a work signed by one of these names of reputation, and subject it to censure which shall be both sincere and friendly.

Let us take for our purpose the serial novel, by Henry Harland, now in course of publication in McClure's Magazine, under the name of "My Friend Prospero." First of all, it must be freely admitted that the work is not without attractions. The scene, laid in Northern Italy, is described with the enthusiasm of a lover of that fair region, —of a lover who does not want for words. Furthermore, the descriptions of nature bear convincing evidence of having been written, or at least outlined, when the author stood under the spell of beauty. This element of the work it would be unjust to criticise, except possibly for an over-exuberance of style, which, here permissible, becomes a positive and aggressive defect, when it occurs in the dialogue or the descriptions of the characters entering into the action of the story.

The agreeable, even beautiful placing of the action is matched by certain of the character elements. Therefore, the great fault of the work lies in the misuse of the excellent material chosen. Misuse is certainly not too strong a term, for the last trace of the supposable is absent from details of the treatment which might have been made effective and realistic. Among such details may be particularly instanced the conversations between the hero and little Annunziata, who is the most thoroughly studied character of the work,—the only one indeed who lends it a warm human interest; the others being Lady Blanchemain, the

Princess of Zett-Neuminster, the handsome young heir-presumptive to an English title held in abeyance, and an Italian parish priest: all personages who, for the last century and under thin disguises, have filled their parts in novels with the versatility and the indifference of the actors of a stock company. These people are types rather than individduals, and a better comparison than the one just made between them and the actors of a stock company, might be instituted by likening them to the lay-figures of a studio: those representations of human beings, which by a change of dress, and a new twist of the arms and legs, are transformed, at the will of the artist, from person to person, and carried from situation to situation.

Sharply differing from generalities such as these, the little Annunziata stands in Mr. Harland's novel like a real child among marionettes. She is an exquisite little creature, studied from the life, and *italianissima*. She could not be improved as an example of that strange mingling of the Pagan and the Christian, which is found in every peasant of her country. She is a being of fire and flame, responsive to every passing influence. She is very near to the angels, and wise in a kind of philosophy of life peculiar to the Latin races. She stands on the verge of insanity, as Italians of all ages and conditions are wont to do; since in their natures emotion crowds reason into such narrow space that it rebels at the compression.

Having thus created a character so true, so perfect that the reader returns again and again to the passages of the novel which she illuminates by the record of her actions and words, Mr. Harland cruelly mars his artistic effect by imagining conversations between Annunziata and the hero which pass the limits of the ridiculous. In these dialogues the little girl maintains the probable and the fitting element, while the hero represents the fantastic and the impossible. The communication between the two is supposedly carried on through the medium of the Italian language; therefore, had the author been alive and sensitive to artistic effect, he would have given no prominence to the words, or to the English forms of expression. Instead, he has involved the thought, tortured the grammatical construction, and introduced learned figures and phrases, until there are but two suppositions to make regarding the apparently simple peasant-child Annunziata: either that she is a Professor Lanciani in disguise, or that "the gift of tongues" descends at moments miraculously upon her. The height of this artistic falsity lies in the fact that Annunziata pursues the expression of her thoughts as if she were alone; that the simplicity of speech fitted to her age and her nationality, when contrasted with the outpourings of Prospero's lover-spirit, give the effect of a lark mounting the sky in singing, while a Hamlet, standing solitary in the fields might deliver his famous monologue upon human existence. When Annunziata simply says that something is mysterious, her friend Prospero replies that it is "*cryptic, enigmatic, esoteric* to the last degree." When she speaks of holy apparitions with the simple credulity of the peasant, he discourses learnedly upon "the terminology of ghost-lore." The hero leaves no fragment of possibility to the situation, and so reduces himself to a phantom, while he reveals in his creator, Mr. Harland, a serious lack of artistic perception.

Is it too much to ask of authors that we may have "a new art" in fiction, as we have in other provinces of aesthetics: an art, structural, simple and characterized by common sense?

HANDICRAFT IN THE SCHOOLS

BELIEVING in the high educational value of correlated brain and hand work, and feeling that the ideals of freedom and simplicity that characterize the new art must be fostered among our students if America would have an art of her own, The Craftsman will open, in the December issue, a department for the schools.

It is hoped by means of this department to grow in closer touch with the elementary, secondary and technical schools of our land. The aims will be: to give our readers a general survey of the progress of the new art in the schools of America and the Old World; to co-operate with teachers and students to the end of encouraging original and varied work in design and advancing ideals for handicraft; to present drawings of work done in the schools; to publish Craftsman designs adapted to afford suggestions for students; and to demonstrate to our readers that art training and handicraft have a direct disciplinary value for the young.

In this endeavor we hope to have the support of experienced directors and teachers of art.

Frequent requests are received from public and normal school instructors for Craftsman designs suitable for use in the schools. This demand we hope to supply, in connection with the projected department.

Simple designs for various pieces of household furniture will be presented, adapted for reproduction by students, and for suggestion in original work. These designs, made by our artists with special reference to the schools, are all working drawings, of things actually made. They are, therefore, in every instance, practical for reproduction. They exemplify the Craftsman ideal of simple structural beauty rather than ornateness. We are trying to make in our Shops things that are adequate—not things that are startling. We are glad to give teachers and students the results of our experiments in the working out of these ideals.

Another feature of the department will be a series of Prize Competitions in design. The aim of this endeavor is to afford an incentive to original work among students. Art is an expression of individuality. It is as much an individual thing as is the exhalation of the breath, the tone of a voice, the fragrance of a flower. Each student must be encouraged to express himself in his art—in all work with his hands. Art that is merely imitative is worse than useless, for it defeats the end of art training, (which is the end of all education), —that of making each student a creative workman.

The Craftsman invites all students to submit original designs in accordance with the rules of the Competition, which may be found at the close of this issue. The judges of the competition will look for a degree of the freedom, spontaneity and originality of the new art, in the designs submitted. Efforts which are deemed especially worthy will receive honorable mention.

In this special appeal to students, The Craftsman invites the co-operation of all schools whose endeavor tends toward the development of the creative artist that is in every boy or girl.

A CRAFTSMAN HOMEBUILDERS' CLUB

THE CRAFTSMAN is in daily receipt of letters bearing requests from readers for suggestions in the building, decorating and furnishing of a "Craftsman House." These demands having become too pressing to admit of a personal reply in every instance, it becomes necessary to meet them through the columns of the magazine.

It is purposed to publish every month, beginning with the January issue, designs of detached residences, the cost of which shall range from two thousand to fifteen thousand dollars. The order in which these houses will be presented will depend upon the demands of our correspondents.

The Craftsman invites all readers who are interested in housebuilding and decoration to consider themselves members of a Craftsman Homebuilders' Club, the condition imposed being that each shall send one new subscription to the magazine at the usual terms ($3.00). Each member is privileged to correspond with The Craftsman in regard to the designs to be presented, as the aim of this endeavor is to offer practical solutions to actual personal problems.

Every correspondent may state personal preferences concerning the design in which he is interested: the cost of the house, the materials desired, the locality, peculiar climatic conditions, and whatever else is necessary to be considered in the working out of his particular project. So far as practicable, the houses planned will be based upon the preferences suggested in the letters.

Any New Subscriber, according to the usual subscription terms ($3.00), who desires to coöperate with the Homebuilders' Club, and who would like more specific guidance in making a Craftsman House, will be supplied, on request, with blueprints embodying complete plans and specifications of any one of the twelve houses published during the year 1904.

The plans will comprehend simple landscape gardening, in harmony with the architectural scheme; also complete *motifs* for decoration, with colored perspective of interior; to which special consideration has been given in the Craftsman shops.

This offer gives the homebuilder an opportunity to command our best thought and our varied experience, in coöperation with his personal preference. It makes it possible for him to build, at a desired cost, a Craftsman House, in which he may express his own individuality.

Every reader subscribing with this end in view should state in his application that he desires to be enrolled on the Homebuilders' list. His request for plans and specifications will be received any time during the year of 1904, as the plans are

published from month to month, and will be given prompt attention.

An early correspondence is invited, since the preparation of the designs involves much thought and attention, and at least one month's time is required for the production of one of "The Craftsman" Houses.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE

TO meet the specific needs of the makers of homes, The Craftsman purposes opening its columns to a correspondence with readers.

We invite all who are interested in questions coming within our scope, to confer with us concerning problems which we are trying, in our own way, to solve. If The Craftsman point of view throws light upon some of the difficulties confronting you in making your home, the service will be general rather than personal; for a discussion of your needs will carry suggestion to other home-builders. In return, The Craftsman will have the advantage of learning how it may better serve all classes of its readers.

Attention will be given by our artists and designers to any question in regard to the Arts and Crafts movement—its spirit, aims and practical workings; and to individual problems in house-building and decoration. Suggestions will be made, upon request, concerning furniture, wall-coverings, hangings or color schemes for a particular home or room in a home.

All letters should be concise and pointed. If you want suggestions for an interior, your letter must convey a clear and definite impression of the room in question: its situation, size, proportions, lighting and any other conditions to be taken into consideration in furnishing and decoration. Photographs might in some cases be helpful in making the situation plain.

Any question that comes within the province of The Craftsman will be answered as promptly and explicitly as the circumstances of the case will allow. If your question does not suggest a plan of some general interest, or if the department becomes unduly crowded, you will receive a reply by personal letter, providing you are a regular subscriber (and have enclosed sufficient postage).

This invitation is extended in response to a growing demand. The Craftsman is daily receiving letters from readers who are striving to simplify their lives by ridding themselves of the meaningless in their surroundings. It is gratifying, in an age of accumulation and display, to receive assurance that here and there in our land men and women are trying to make homes that are a simple expression of their individuality.

The ideal of a Craftsman house, applied to every part, is fitness for service. A Craftsman chair is made for firm support and for comfort; a table, to afford support and breadth of surface. The beauty of the chair and the table is structural rather than superficial. If each is made with a view to perfect adaptability to the end which it is intended to serve, it is in good taste.

Necessity is the Craftsman criterion of beauty. Anything which would obtrude itself on the notice because not necessary to a definite end, is avoided.

It may be well to call attention here to the fact that the question of good art in the home is not one of expense. A humble home may be measured by the Craftsman standard; it may reflect the charm of sincerity which is found more often in primitive conditions than in expressions of luxury. The old idea that the good things are always the things for which we must pay dear, has wrought the undoing of many a man. Cost is an arbitrary standard of value, upon which it is never safe to depend.

Water and sunshine are none the less good for your physical being because they are abundant. Canvas curtains in your sitting-room may be in better taste than the richest tapestry. A wood that is inexpensive because it grows plentifully may lend itself to a charming scheme of decoration. A useful thing, carefully wrought out of inexpensive material, may be more pleasing than its costly prototype.

We need a new standard of values in regulating our lives and beautifying our surroundings. We need to abate our passion for mere possession; to call a halt in our feverish pursuit of baubles. We need to utter a protest against the bewildering complications into which we are constantly in danger of being drawn by the conditions of our modern civilization.

The Craftsman invites conference with any reader who is in sympathy with its ideals for home making and who desires a wider knowledge of the application of those ideals.

A COLLECTION OF CRAFTSMAN DRAWINGS

A COLLECTION of hand-colored drawings, selected from our best Craftsman designs with a special view to adaptability for use in the schools, is being compiled in response to repeated requests.

These drawings show not only separate pieces of furniture, but a number of interior views as well. The latter present, in each instance, a complete room, with careful attention to every detail. They are marked by original and unusual effects in wood-work, wall-coverings, hangings, casement windows, fire-places and floor-coverings. Now and then a simple frieze, in quaint illustrative or decorative pattern, relieves the limitation of a wall. Again, a flight of martins across a window or a pleasing arrangement of a fireside corner adds to the individuality of the whole.

The color combinations are the result of special thought and have attracted much favorable comment. The tones are, in the main, soft and cool, with exquisite blendings of half-tones; but here and there a bolder note is struck by a bit of warm color. The hues of the autumn woods are favored in many of the schemes: the cadenza of browns and yellows and greens, brightened by an occasional gleam of red, that makes the charm of an autumn landscape. The flat tones, after the manner of the Japanese color prints, give the sense of permanence that the Japanese court in their art.

These primitive, suggestive effects in color and form are offered as a substitute for the highly realistic, elaborated objects with which we sometimes surround children. The simple mind of a child should not be confused with complex ideas in art and household furnishings. As an inspiration to work in design, this collection of simple drawings is adapted to appeal to students of every age.

The drawings are, in general, 10 x 13 inches, and are on detached sheets with wide white margins, convenient for use in the school-rooms. There are ten sheets in the collection; several of them including groups of separate pieces, an interesting variety, in all, being presented.

The collection will be given for one new subscriber to The Craftsman.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE GATE BEAUTIFUL, BEING PRINCIPLES AND METHODS IN VITAL ART EDUCATION. By Professor John Ward Stimson. To offer a criticism upon the life-work of Professor Stimson, "The Gate Beautiful," after it has formed the subject of a symposium in The Arena, is almost a misdirected effort. In the magazine mentioned, it was treated by a noted professor of aesthetics, by a clergyman of wide reputation, and by the former president of an Eastern college, as well as more briefly by two Californian poets. It is interesting to note the individual points of view taken by these men of authority, and it is not disparaging the merit of the other writers to say that the art professor in this instance ranks first. As is natural, his is the most specific appreciation, the one which best sums up the characteristics and best indicates the scope and value of the slowly and reverently prepared work.

Professor Stimson's book reveals more clearly, perhaps, than any art-treatise of our times the character and soul of its author. He is a mystic with a love of form rising to a passion, it were better to say to a religion. He is also deeply read in the literature, history and philosophy of all ages and peoples, although it must be admitted that he uses his acquirements as an instrument upon which he alone can play. It may also be said that his great wealth of quotation turns the reader aside from the path of consecutive thought with a frequency that is somewhat disturbing: a fact which gives rise in the mind of the student to the wish that argument were more often substituted for statement. But these are minor defects and they may well be apparent only to those who demand truths simply expressed and reason without adornment. Beside, an absolute originality of treatment, a compelling power in word-combinations that can not be defined, an unusual use and assemblage of forms: all these qualities will impress the most careless of readers, and, in many cases, cause him to seek again and again a special page recording an old truth in a new and attractive mystic garment of expression. Among Pro-

fessor Stimson's critics none, strange to say, has publicly noted the resemblance of this modern experimentalist to Leonardo da Vinci. And yet such a resemblance exists and is strong. "The Gate Beautiful" is but a note book, like Leonardo's, composed of sketch, explanation and detailed drawing, developed more fully than the Italian's, simply because the world is older, science more perfect, and all knowledge less obscure. The comparison, easily acknowledged as a general truth, extends to significant details. Professor Stimson follows a progression of forms throughout the gamut of matter, studying with loving care snowflakes and crystals, sea-shells and fishes, seed-vessels and curiously marked insects, just as Leonardo is known to have done throughout his rich, but solitary and misjudged, life. It results, therefore, that in turning the leaves of "The Gate Beautiful," the imaginative art student loses himself to the degree that he believes himself in the presence of the curious back-handed writing and the reversed hatching of the drawing which were the signs manual of the greatest genius of the Renascence. [A. Brandt, Trenton, N. J. 420 pages, profusely illustrated. Size, 9x12 inches. Cloth, price $7.50 net; paper, $3.50.

HEPHAESTUS is the title of a finely printed, thin volume of pentameter verse, written by Arthur Stringer. The versification of the author is smooth, and his thought refined. Considered as a study, the work is creditable, in the way that an accurate cast-drawing from the antique is worthy of praise. But the drawing, although possessed of merit, is a student's effort, pure and simple: an effort to grasp the principles of art. In the same degree, Mr. Stringer's poems of "Hephaestos," "Persephone at Enna" and "Sappho at Leucadia" are the work of a student in the classics who is seeking to perfect his literary form and facility. As such work they must be considered, for they lack the originality which justified Matthew Arnold and Arthur Clough in choosing classical subjects, and which raised their writings to the dignity of literature. [Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. 43 pages. Size, 5½x7¼ inches. Price $1.00 net.

HOMES AND THEIR DECORATIONS, by Lillie Hamilton French, is a book written by a woman with wide experience in her profession, who, according to her own acknowledgment, has made no attempt to discuss architectural periods or problems. That she has advanced to a point beyond many of her brothers and sisters in art is evident from a passage really delightful to meet, at a moment when the fever for the historic styles and "old mahogany" is still an epidemic of virulent type. The passage in substance says that "Desks, once used by kings or magnates of importance, and which, like those shown in the Louvre, are beautiful examples of a distinct and sumptuous period in art, would be beyond the reach of people of moderate means. Their imitations would be worthy of blame. They are, therefore, not to be considered. The mahogany desk, common to New England and the Southern States during the early history of our country, delightful and much to be desired as they are, adapt themselves to those rooms only in which the rest of the furniture is in harmony." It were well if these opinions could be popularized among those who retrench the conveniences of their kitchens, that they may possess drawing rooms "fine and French"; still better, among the equally large class of Americans whose ambitions reside in vain aspirations toward the possession of a colonial ancestor and "a grandfather's clock." It may be added that in Mrs. French's amply illustrated book, the most attractive picture shows a kitchen with its chimney-piece hung with copper cooking utensils and quite suggesting the interiors of the Dutch painters. [Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 430 pages, illustrated. Size, 3⅝x8¼ inches. Price $3.00.

A BOOK OF COUNTRY HOUSES, COMPRISING NINETEEN EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATED ON SIXTY-TWO PLATES, by Ernest Newton. This Book Beautiful is a collection of plans and elevations of English houses in the countryside, notably in Kent, Hampshire, Yorkshire and the Channel Islands. It is addressed to architects and would-be possessors of homes, since other than a foreword and a short explanation of the plates, there is no descriptive text. In the former there occurs a quotation worthy to be repeated, and reading: "To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition"; there is also in the same paragraph a humorous word of warning which should be hung in all offices devoted to the production of domestic architecture. It runs: "The most commonplace little wants in a house must be considered and the planner must not have such a soaring soul that he is unable to bring himself to consider them." The

houses here presented are planned with picturesque roofs and provision for ample lighting, while the structural materials are for the most part red brick, granite and red tiles. [John Lane, New York. Size, 11x14 inches.

Industrial-Social Education, by William A. Baldwin. This book has a modestly written preface which carries conviction. It is edited by Mr. William A. Baldwin, the principal of the State Normal School at Hyannis, Massachusetts, who, in speaking of the scheme of industrial-social education in which he is so deeply interested, makes the following statement: "I believe that we are working in right lines, even if our work is crude; that our faces are toward the light, and that our work is very important. . . . This book is an attempt to explain to any who may be interested in educational development, what we are attempting to do by way of the application of the principles of Pestalozzi and Froebel." The body of the book is preceded by an introduction in the most fervent style of Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, and the illustrations of the various crafts as practiced at the Hyannis school add much to the description of the work. [Milton-Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. 145 pages. Size, 7x9 inches.

Vacation Days in Greece, by the noted archaeologist, Dr. Rufus B. Richardson, is a record of periodical visits to various localities in Greece not commonly known to travelers in the Hellenic peninsula. In a residence of eleven years in Greece the author made these journeys the subjects of descriptive articles contributed to various periodicals; and at the suggestion of many members of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens they are now put into this form. "For the most part," the author explains, "I have avoided what has been most frequently described. Athens, Olympia and the much-visited Argive plain, I have not touched upon, because I did not wish to swell the book by telling thrice-told tales. I tell of what I have most enjoyed, in the hope that readers may feel with me the charm of the poet's land, which has, more than any other, 'infinite riches in little room.'" Dr. Richardson has much to tell of the hospitality of the Greeks, the charm of the scenery and the glories of centuries long gone by; and with the zeal of the archaeologist, he brings a frequent touch of research to bear upon scenes made famous in classic song and story. Among chapters of especial value are those which recount "A Day in Ithaca," "A Climb Over Taygetos and Kithaeron," "A Journey from Athens to Eretria" and "An Unusual Approach to Epidauros." A chapter each is also devoted to Sicily and Corfu. The illustrations are out of the ordinary, abundant and well chosen, and the book will appeal with equal reason to the general reader, the student of classic literature, or the archaeologist. [Charles Scribner's Sons. Size, 5½x8. Price $2.00.

Tolstoy and His Message. That no man may live unto himself; that everyone must, whether he wills it so, or no, breathe a message to those with whom he comes in daily contact, is strongly set forth in this sketch of Tolstoy by his "leading disciple in America," Ernest Crosby. To bring the reader to a more clear understanding of the spirit of the great and gentle philosopher, Mr. Crosby recounts, briefly and simply, his early life, giving in an opening chapter this incident: At eighteen, on a memorable night, when with other young noblemen he had spent the hours in feasting, he found his peasant-coachman half frozen, and with difficulty brought him back to consciousness. Then and there, he took the lesson of selfish luxury to heart and went down to his estates with the determination to devote his life to the serfs, whose interest became to him a sacred trust. Mr. Crosby follows him through boyhood and manhood; recounts his temptations, and gives the story of his spiritual unrest, and of the crisis through which he passed to find his true self. "I do not live when I lose faith in the existence of God," he said; "I only really live when I seek Him. To know God and to live, are one." He renounced the life of his own class, which for its very luxury prevented the possibility of understanding life, and became as a simple peasant; "as one of those who produce life and give it meaning." It is against class distinctions, as the cause of enmity among men, and the chief peril to brotherly love, that Tolstoy sets himself. "I can no longer," he claims, "try to rise above other men, to separate myself from them; nor can I admit either rank or title for myself or others, except the title of 'man.' I cannot help seeking in my way of life, in its surroundings, in my food, my clothes, my manners, to draw nearer to the majority of men, and to avoid all that separates me from them." Certainly, Tolstoy's message to the world is most eloquently set forth in the life he lives, and Mr. Crosby has given it a

worthy interpretation. [Funk & Wagnalls Company. Size, 4½x7; pages, 93. Price 50 cents.

"How to Judge Architecture," by Russell Sturgis, the leading critic of art and architecture in America, is a book which may be read with profit by those who "have eyes and see not." The object of this attractive volume, as given by the author, is: "to help the reader to acquire, little by little, such an independent knowledge of the essential characteristics of good buildings, and also such a sense of the possible differences of opinion concerning inessentials, that he will always enjoy the sight, the memory, or the study of a noble structure, without undue anxiety as to whether he is right or wrong. Rightness is relative. To have a trained observation, knowledge of principles, and a sound judgment as to proprieties of construction and design, is to be able to form your opinions for yourself, and to understand that you come nearer month by month, to a really complete knowledge of the subject, seeing clearly what is good, and the causes of its goodness; and also the not-so-good which is there, inevitably there, as a part of the goodness itself." Taking the early Greek temple as the most perfect thing that decorative art has produced and about which there is no serious dispute, Mr. Sturgis notes its extreme simplicity, and points out that this simplicity is to be taken as not having led to bareness, lack of incident, or lack of charm; but has served to give the Greek artist an easy control over details and their organization into a complete whole. From this beginning, aided by a large number of illustrations, there are brought to the reader's view characteristic structures, ancient and modern, from which one may come to know of each, what was its reason for being, its limitations, its possibilities. The Greek temple, ancient cathedral, or modern business building, has its own message to give, its own lesson of good or bad in art to teach. From these, Mr. Sturgis has evolved some easily comprehended rules, by which one may form, as it were, an architectural judgment. He deplores the fact that the architect of the present century has so little opportunity to "retire unto himself," to lock his door and give himself up to uninterrupted thought, which alone can help him to bring out his design in its artistic sense. Having read this book, one may have courage to begin to think for himself, and to enjoy with an intelligence unbiased by schools or traditions such buildings as come before him in his daily walk; and they will have for him a new meaning and a new interest. [New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. Size, 6½x9½; pages, 214; abundantly illustrated. Price $1.50.

One of the most profitable books of travel that have appeared this season is Hill Towns of Italy, by Egerton R. Williams, Jr. It is an exceedingly readable volume of fifteen varied chapters devoted to personal observation based upon a spring and summer spent in the historical towns of the Apennines, between Rome and Florence. The book embraces a province too seldom covered in usual discussions of Italian life and art; and he who would study old Etruria discerningly and relatedly owes a real debt to the author. In the preface we find a clear statement of the claims of these towns to the consideration of the traveler; their high state of civilization before the founding of Rome, when they controlled Italy and the seas; their guardianship of civilization after the downfall of the Roman empire; the protection of learning in their churches and monasteries during the ensuing dark ages; the sturdy resistance that in time availed to throw off the yoke of Frank and German and enable them to constitute themselves into free republics; and their impulse to our civilization of to-day through the Renascence, to which marvelous movement they not only gave birth—"they bound it into the very fibres of their bodies and the principles of their existence." The writer is keenly sensitive to the natural beauties of the town-dotted slopes over which he leads us; he dwells often,—sympathetically and informally, rather than technically,—on the art of these old centers of civilization made sacred by the occasional touch of a Perugino, a Cimabue or a Fra Angelico; but the charm that he finds inevitably for us in this enchanting land is in the wide significance of its past. Throughout the pilgrimage, we are never long permitted to forget, in our keen enjoyment of the present aspect of "lovely Spoleto," "holy Assisi," or "proud Siena," its "marvelous past of thirty centuries." The text is pleasingly illuminated by varied illustrations from photographs. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., October, 1903. Size, 5½x8½; 390 pages. Price $3.00 net.

MEMORABLE IN THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES

THE Sportsman's Number of The Century has a "woodsy, wild and lonesome air" fitting to its title. Old England and Fair France join with our own country in offering pictures of forests and types of untamed existence which are pleasant things to contemplate while the harvest moon rides high in the heavens. There are many of these attractive illustrations, such as the hunting dogs of Madame la Duchesse d'Uzès, straining at their leashes, or marshalled before their kennels. There are also enchanting little studies of birds mounting to their nests with their prey of insects, or trying their timid young wings in flight. The text joins with the illustrations (among which the beautiful wood-scene of the frontispiece must not be forgotten) in making the Sportsman's Number a brilliant success. The enterprise should be paralleled the coming spring by an issue devoted to the pleasures of that "sweet season."

The Review of Reviews in its table of contents honors the humanitarian tendency which is gathering force daily and accomplishing much toward the removal of the plague-spots from our cities, as well as toward the urbanizing of the country population: the great purpose to which the lamented Frederick Law Olmsted acknowledged that he devoted his best efforts. The very titles of the articles offered by the Review are so inspiring that to recall them is to realize the beneficent activity now at fever heat among us. They are: "What the Low Administration Has Done for New York's Masses," "The New Education for Farm Children" and "Learning by Doing for the Farmer Boy." By the multiplication of means such as are discussed in these articles it is to be hoped that the melancholy incident to the country and the viciousness peculiar to the city may be absorbed and lost in healthful activity as a mist rolls away before the sun.

Brush and Pencil, in accordance with the standard of excellence apparently set in the October magazines of the country, presents an unusual list of articles. One of these, entitled "Children's Books for Children," is illustrated with clever drawings of animals by W. W. Denslow, and a series of figure-studies by Boutet de Monvel. The charm of the latter artist is impossible to describe, but it is none the less strong and real for this peculiarity. The most pleasing of the series is a reproduction in pen and ink of a group of French children of the poor surrounding the cage of a bird merchant. The backs, the legs, the arms of the children, eagerly leaning forward to study the finches, are so thoroughly French, that one listens involuntarily for the clear, shrill voice which should accompany some quaint little figure of the group. Another valuable article treats a phase of the civic improvement movement, dealing with three cities differing so widely in size, character of population, and situation as North Billerica, Mass., Harrisburg, Pa., and St. Louis.

The Chautauquan, in its "Survey of Civic Betterment," quotes the following words from William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of the Schools of New York: "It is admitted so generally that children in the schools should be taught something about the government of the city in which they live, that the statement is practically a truism. Unfortunately, however, like many of those patriotic generalities, to the effect that love of country should be inculcated in the young, this truism also is couched in most abstract terms. Little or nothing is said as to practical ways and means of teaching these things. It is just here that the Committee on Instruction in Municipal Government thinks that its work begins. It must take these patriotic utterances and civic truisms and make from them practical suggestive courses of study for the use of teachers, the benefit of the children, and the advantage of the municipality. The committee hopes to be able to say to the teacher: 'Teach the child this thing and that thing about the city, and preferably in the way that is judged to be the best to make an interested and worthy junior citizen.' This, I think, will be a welcome substitute for the glittering generalities ordinarily promulgated for the guidance of instructors."

The Metropolitan Magazine contains, like many of its contemporaries in their corresponding issue, things that are eloquent of the open, of free air and of large liberty. In this publication we find an article very attractively illustrated upon the village gardens of the old French province of Brittany, where the people are distinctly Celtic, and the last but powerful traces of feudalism and the Middle Ages remain to give color to the life. The

article and pictures, interesting in themselves, acquire a further charm by recalling the peasant-types of that most genial of all French painters, Jules Breton, and that saddest of all French writers, Pierre Loti, if he be judged by his Brittany masterpiece, "The Iceland Fisherman."

An attractive article in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for October is "In the Homes of Japan," by Florence Peltier, with illustrations by G. Yets. The writer describes the homes of the gentle little Oriental people as "superior in artistic worth to the homes of other lands." She shows how the national reverence for beauty combines with peculiar natural conditions to foster simplicity in Japanese homes. On account of the ever-present menace of earthquakes, homes must be lightly built, to avoid harm to the inhabitants in the contingency of falling walls. As these light structures are quickly destroyed by fire, "very little besides the articles actually required for daily use are found in the majority of Japanese homes. . . . . As these people are ever looking for beauty in the most ordinary things, every commonplace utensil in the household has been made an object upon which to exercise skill in decoration, and every natural beauty is seized upon and used to advantage. Where wood is employed in building, its grain and even the pretty markings made upon it by worms are left to be admired, and not vulgarly covered with putty and paint. . . . . The interior arrangement of a Japanese house may seem to us, at first glance, bare and uncomfortable, but after becoming accustomed to it one turns to the stuffy rooms of the western world with weariness." A pretty expression of the Japanese instinct for beauty, appreciatively touched upon in the article, is "the chamber of the inspiring view" in nearly every home, the essential requirement of which is that from it one may look out upon something of picturesque value. Here, we are told, "when there is something of particular interest to see, the family and guests gather, and the screens are rolled back, that these beauty worshippers may delight in the moonlight, a blossoming cherry tree, or the newly fallen snow." Madeline Yale Wynne contributes "The Influence of Arts and Crafts," looking back to the early days when art and craft were a part of the daily doings of the thrifty housewife, the village silversmith or cabinet-maker,—"a beautiful, unconscious, natural thing; it had no name, it had not been interviewed, written up, it was not a cult. It was but the work of a man's hand done of necessity, to fill a need, beautiful of necessity, for beauty is close friend to the work that is done under wholesome conditions and in a cheerful spirit." The writer speaks of the disappearance of arts and crafts coincident with the perfection of machinery, and of its recent reappearance in the midst of complicated conditions; she utters a discriminating protest against the current flood of machine-made products in imitation of hand-work.

In THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL for October, Gardner C. Teall writes appreciatively of the life and work of Bernard Palissy, potter. An interesting account is given of the endurance and the success of this sturdy sixteenth century artist-craftsman, who, self-taught in his art, found experience a dear school, if a successful one. Virginia Dare, in "Curio Hunting on the Pacific Coast," tells of rare treasures to be dug out of dingy cellars and dusty shops in San Francisco.

THE CRAFTSMAN PRIZE COMPETITION

THE aim and spirit of these competitions are elaborated elsewhere in the School Department. It is particularly hoped that the interest of the schools may be engaged and that many students will be encouraged to compete. Other prizes will be offered from month to month if the interest shown by art students warrants the continuation of the series.

The competitions opened in the present issue are as follows:

COMPETITION A.—Design for a Hall Clock. *First Prize:* $15. *Second Prize:* $10.

COMPETITION B.—Design for a Set of Furniture for Child's Bedroom. *First Prize:* $25. *Second Prize:* $15.

The following rules will govern the Competitions:

1. Any regular subscriber to The Craftsman is eligible to compete.

2. All designs must be original. They should be in the spirit of the New Art, which breaks away from historic styles. Nothing will be considered that can be traced to existing patterns. The designs should also be simple, in accord with the Arts and Crafts ideal of structural beauty as opposed to superficial adornment. The fanciful and ornate will not be favored. (It is suggested, in the case of Competition B, that appropriate nursery pictures form a feature of the decorative scheme.)

3. The proprietor of The Craftsman reserves the right to withhold any or all prizes, in case the drawings are found by the judges to violate the rules of the competition, or to be of insufficient merit. All prize designs become the property of the proprietor of The Craftsman.

4. Each drawing should be of suitable size for the pages of The Craftsman (not smaller than twice nor larger than three times the size of a page), and should be sent packed flat.

5. No drawing will be returned to competitor unless accompanied by postage.

6. Every design must be received as early as January 1, 1904.

Address:

COMPETITION DEPARTMENT,

THE CRAFTSMAN,

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.